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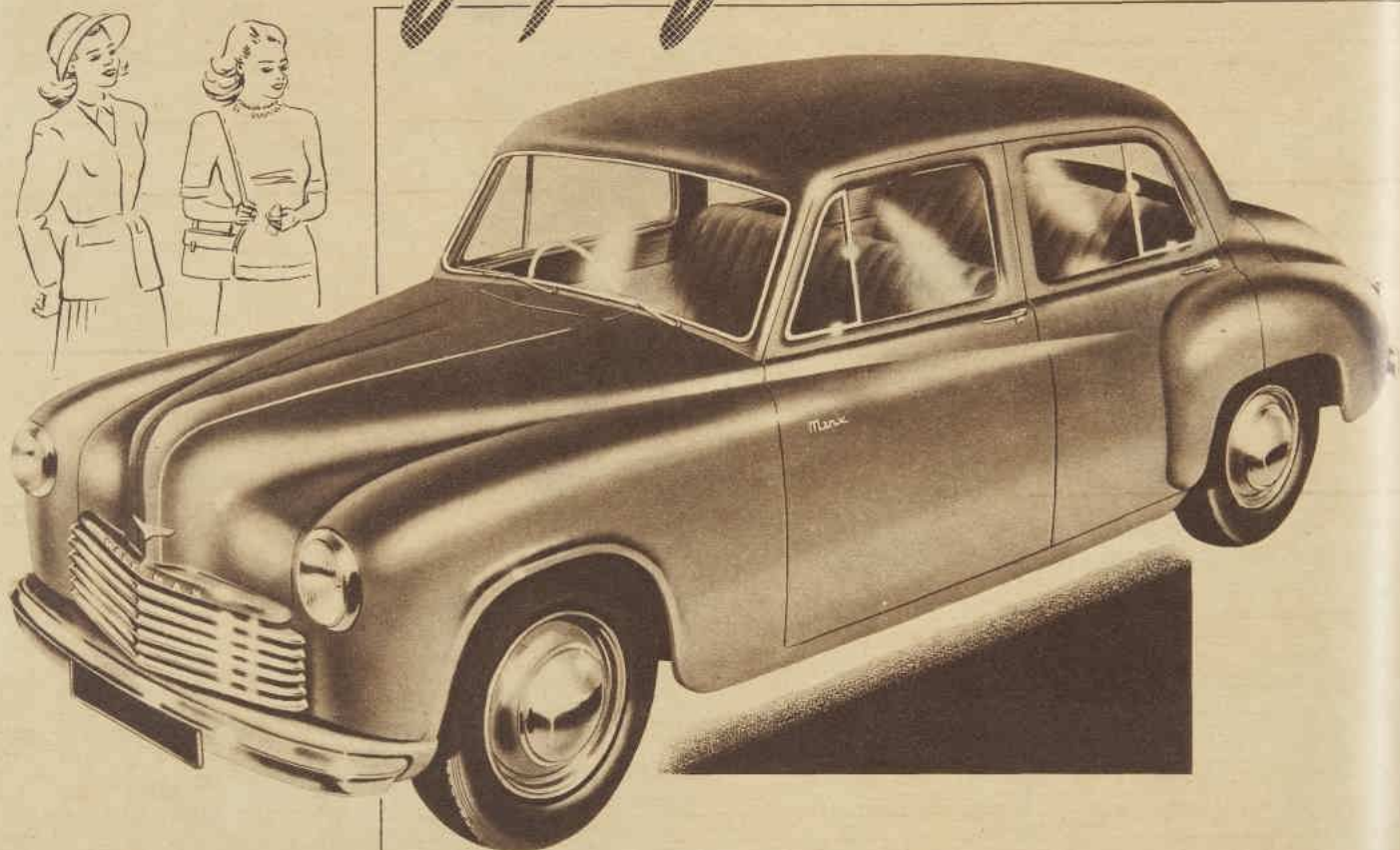
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SPRING CRUISE

By
URSULA BLOOM

HIS MAJESTY'S ship *Terrific* swung into the Bay of Gibraltar, anchoring in the vicinity of the Commercial Mole. Instantly the mole became busy with the usual vendors of tin cigarette lighters and green figs judiciously arranged with a luscious layer on top, and the less saleable—if saleable at all—beneath.

The Sub. looked hopefully ashore. He knew that Flora Tarne would be staying at the Rock Hotel.

Flora Tarne was the cousin of a midshipman in the Sub's gunroom, one known affectionately as young Fleabite Briggs.

Although young Fleabite thought just nothing of Flora, whom he had known in perambulator days, the Sub. thought her too ravishing.

For the Sub. was girl-mad, and this time he had got it really badly. He was even wondering where one bought an engagement ring in Gibraltar.

"You'll go ashore to pay your respects," the Sub. said to young Fleabite Briggs.

Fleabite said that he'd go ashore, but was not so sure about his respects. As far as he was concerned, Flora could wait!

"No, she can't, and, what's more, you're

taking me with you," said the Sub., who ruled his gunroom with a commanding hand.

He and Fleabite went ashore, and strode up the Commercial Mole, and along Main Street, where the Indians try to wait the unwary into their shops smelling of joss-sticks and scent, and recommend "the very nice shawl" and "handbag from Tangier, all fixed price."

But the Indians don't try that on with the Royal Navy. Especially when it comes to the gunroom. The gunroom is full of hale and hearty young men, who stride their way through life and do not give a fig for the finer feelings of itinerant salesmen.

It was one of those hot afternoons that come to Gibraltar in March. There were red and white lilies at the roadside, and the creamy foam of oleander blossoms, trembling in the light wind. The hurdy-murdy man was grinding out a tango as he proffered a somewhat dilapidated Andalusian hat to them.

"I thank you, Senor. Very good, saire."

It was pleasant at the hotel. Flora and her aunt had already arrived a few days ago and had come to that state of boredom that thanks providence for a little diversion. They were delighted to see dear little Fleabite and his friend.

"Surely we met somewhere before, Mr. Jenkins?" asked Flora.

"Indeed we did," glowed the Sub.

He spent the afternoon in eating fancy cakes and drinking indifferent tea, balancing it in his lap in the most dangerous manner.

He walked in the Alameda with Flora, and they managed most efficiently to lose both her aunt and dear little Fleabite. He said that he would get a pass for the Rock on Sunday, and they'd go up it. He went home on wings!

At the Ragged Staff steps they fell in with Pepl. Pepl drove a carrozzi. Pepl was forty, and wore indescribable old rags for clothes, and lambasted a lean horse before him.

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The Australian Women's
Weekly—April 30, 1940.

Page 3

"Will you drive us to the cork-woods?" Charles asked the Spaniard.



John Miller

**I'm convinced!
I use it!
I know!**

says charming
MAUREEN COONEY
of McPherson Street,
Cremorne, N.S.W.

**New
Pepsodent
gives my teeth
a radiant
new
whiteness**

Lovely sailorette in our picture is Maureen Cooney, nineteen-year-old Australian blonde. She loves surfing and riding, too, and is an accomplished ballerina. At present a stenographer, Maureen's ambitions are to travel and make a profession of her modelling.

About that enchanting smile, Maureen says:

"I can always be rare of the attractiveness of my smile—I know Pepsodent keeps my teeth at their whitest. Being a model, too, a sparkling smile is absolutely necessary for me."

"NEW PEPSODENT HAS UNCOVERED THE NATURAL WHITENESS OF MY TEETH." Only New Pepsodent, with its rich-foaming, non-soapy Irium reveals that natural whiteness. Irium is the wonder cleansing ingredient which removes dingy film from teeth.

"I'M AMAZED AT THE WAY MY TEETH SPARKLE SINCE USING NEW PEPSODENT." New Pepsodent's new, exclusive polishing agent is smoother — gives a higher polish and lustre to teeth with complete safety.

"NEW PEPSODENT MAKES MY MOUTH FEEL SO FRESH." There's nothing to beat New Pepsodent's candy taste. And that refreshing soap-free after-taste just lasts and lasts!



**New
PEPSODENT** Try it!
Prove it
for yourself!

PL 68,142

Spring Cruise

Continued from page 3

PEPI smiled amiably. "Europa Point? Rosa Bay? I show you, Senor?" he suggested.

"You can cut all that stuff out," said the Sub., giving him short shrift. "We've been here before."

Instantly the rather forlorn hat came off, exposing a very barren cranium. The eyes of Pepi lighted on Fleabite.

"I know you, saire," said he. "You very kind to me last year. You help me when the horse fall down."

They met affectionately. Fleabite, blushing to the ears, explained to the Sub. that he and the carrozzi driver had a bit of a do, he had been useful, and the carrozzi drivers—like elephants—never forget. Pepi was self-appointed his services to H.M.S. Terrific. He offered a seedy card, which read:

Pepi Fondants,
First class carrozzi
For ply.

"Here, what is all this?" asked the agitated Fleabite.

It appeared that Pepi was asking for a retaining fee.

"He'll be lucky if he gets it," said the Sub. as the boat pushed off.

But the confidence of Pepi in the Royal Navy was undisturbed. Fleabite had been most kind. Also he liked the look of the so-senior officer with him; he had faith in senior officers, and undoubtedly the Sub. was of enormous pulling power in H.M.S. Terrific.

For a week everything went well. The Sub. went ashore, and Pepi in his carrozzi met him faithfully at the steps and galloped him up the hill.

It was a trifle expensive, because Pepi had large ideas as to the value of his services, but the Sub. had recently had a birthday, and his aunt—a rich old trout in Lowndes Square, as he tastefully put it—had remembered her godson admirably.

Being glib in, he could afford to do something smart in carrozzis, and even purchase a black glass bottle of perfume from an Indian after two days' heavy debating on the point of the fixed price, which wasn't so fixed after all.

The Sub. and Flora drove out in the carrozzi to San Roque, Catalan Bay, and Algiciras, with heroic enthusiasm.

In fact the affair was going to the Sub's head. Even the gunroom messman noticed the fall in that hearty appetite for breakfast. Those in love eat anemically.

And Flora was falling for the Sub. The whole gunroom knew it, and congratulated themselves, because Sub-Lieutenant Jenkins, who was normally far too ardent in upholding the discipline of the Royal Navy, was now much more concerned with what was happening on shore than on board ship.

Then along came Enrico Seruya. Enrico was Spanish. He looked like the glamor boy of the films, and he was surprisingly well off, living in San Roque and driving an enormous white motor car of the kind that is not to be found in Great Britain. Some tactless high-up had asked him to the dance to be given on board Terrific.

"And, what's more, you bet he dances well," said the indignant Sub., who, with the extra weight he was always trying to get down, had a tendency to bounce.

How right he was! Enrico Seruya danced like a dream, had slight hips and swaying shoulders, and wore too well-fitting evening clothes; his hair shone like the best burnished patent leather, and it all went down very well with women.

Flora introduced him to the Sub., and obviously they hated each other on sight. But, for the sake of decorum, they maintained that deliberately polite manner so essential to the officer who feels like no gentleman at heart.

"I'm sure you'll like Charles," said Flora, speaking of the Sub. to Enrico.

By the time the night of the dance was waxing old, the Sub. was putting down drinks at speed, and Flora, sitting on a bollard, was languishing in the obliging arms of Enrico, and listening to the most lush compliments, of which he had an invigorating flow.

He would call next day, he said. And he did. He was preceded by a vast bouquet of pink roses flanked with parma violets, and a box of marrons glaces the size of a coffin. Flora didn't like the marrons glaces, but her aunt did, so that it oiled the works most admirably for Enrico in that direction.

When the Sub. plodded his weary way up to the Rock Hotel that afternoon—Pepi was otherwise engaged—he arrived there hot and spent, and the bluebird of happiness had flown with Enrico to see Tariffa.

"Such a quaint little walled city," explained her aunt, and all the Sub. could do was gorge himself on Enrico's marrons glaces, which, all things considered, was rather a feeble retaliation.

From that moment the spring cruise started going down the hill. It lost its zest. It ran away with itself. Easter was approaching. Mentally the Sub. made a note in his own mind that Easter was the time of year when he would arrange a classic picnic in the Algiciras cork woods.

It was the thing to do on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and there, listening to the cuckoo in the cork trees, he would pop the question. For now marriage was his line of country.

FLORA was the sub's idea of everything that a promising N.O. should have for a wife. She had beauty, she had poise; and an admiral for an uncle. It is true that he was reputed to be the most acid admiral in the Home Fleet, but even acid admirals should support home rule.

The cork woods were the Sub's idea of a suitable background for a proposal of marriage. Unfortunately, the presence of Enrico Seruya spoilt everything.

The Sub. had to admit that the man had personal charms—if you liked that type—whereas the Sub. was a boy of the bulldog breed, and looked it. Enrico had wickedly dark eyes, and was he ardent!

Unfortunately, H.M.S. Terrific was very amused by the lack of progress of the Sub's first serious adventure.

"Fancy letting a foreigner cut you out!" said one of the Sub's brother-officers. He had been born tactless.

After the humiliating disaster of the dance, the Sub. was convinced that the only thing to do was to take Enrico down a peg. He went to tea at the "Rock," determined that something should be done in a just cause.

"What about a picnic Easter Sunday?" he asked Flora.

"Oh, I can't," she said. "I'm going to the bullfight at La Linea."

That shook him. "But you can't be?"

"Oh, yes, I am."

Husky the Sub. began, "They're pretty cheap bullfights anyway, and you'd hate it."

"I want to see one to be able to say I've seen one," said she with truly feminine logic.

"You'll probably be sick," he warned her.

"Charles, have you ever been to one?"

"Yes, and I was sick, or almost."

said he. "But, of course, if you wish to go, I'll take you myself."

"Enrico's taking me."

Furious, Charles strode back from the "Rock," refusing the assistance of Pepi in his "most nice" carrozzi with the radiant brass, and the bright new awning. Pepi mumbled something as he insisted on driving at walking pace beside the Sub., who wished that he'd go away.

"Always the lady," sympathized Pepi, "when one is young always the lady. Make it very bad for gentlemen. But there you are! Oh, yes, Pepi know."

"Oh, go away," said the Sub., who was in no mood for sympathy.

He enlisted the good offices of Fleabite, who, instead of playing hockey in the dockyard, was commissioned to go up to the hotel to tea, and in consequence suffered Enrico also. He said that Flora seemed keen on Enrico. She had always preferred dark men, and his aunt insisted that Enrico had such delightful manners, which was more than she could say of some Englishmen.

"I think she meant me," apologized Fleabite.

Number One said, "Let him take her to the bullfight. He'll get his ticket through it. That sort of chap always goes too far."

"Yes, but it'll be a bit hard on her. She won't like it," said the Sub., thoughtful on Flora's behalf.

"I daresay, but if she chooses to learn the hard way, then let her learn by it." For Number One had married an admiral's daughter, who had also been to a university, and the combination had done its worst by Number One.

The Sub. procured a ticket for himself for the fight through the good offices of Pepi. Pepi had pulling power with the bullfight, and could do far more with it than the Sub., whom he had thought to be so senior an officer, could do in H.M.S. Terrific.

Pepi's connection was with the horses, he said. He rounded up the old decrepits, and stabled them just behind the ring.

"How very revolting!" said the Sub.

He had the identical seat he had wanted next door to the "so good first-class seat" where Flora and Enrico would undoubtedly sit, and divided from them only by a sawdusted alley that led down to the stables. But the Sub. was forlorn.

"You are indeed in luck," said Pepi, gratified to be of such immense service, "also I am by hand, if you require."

The Sub. disapproved of bullfighting. He disapproved even more of Enrico, who arrived in a too-well-cut shantung coat, with more hair oil on his black hair than one would have believed to be possible, and accompanied by Flora, looking sweet.

At the end of the dividing alleyway, the Sub. could see Pepi standing by the shabby yard where the poor old horses were kept to be dressed in dusty red velvets and tawdry finery and ultimately shored into the ring, to their deaths. Well, all I can say is I hope she likes it, said the Sub. somewhat vaguely to himself.

Flora obviously delighted in the pomp of the march past. The martial music, the matador in knee breeches, a trifle overplump and more than a trifle pleased with himself. She sat there glowing beside her escort, who was, of course, delighted with the proceedings.

She clapped even more vociferously at the moment when the bull dashed into the ring, arriving at the gallop from the darkness, then stopping dead, bewildered by the sun and the roars of applause.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





MISS DARE IN DANGER

"Leave those knives alone!" Jane rapped, as John Leo's hand went to the drawer.

SUSAN DARE, young author of mystery "thrillers," finds herself the centre of a real one when ALBERT SHEPLEY, jewel merchant, with whom she has just dined, dies suddenly soon afterwards in a taxi beside her.

Shepley, a stranger to Susan, had contacted her agitatedly, struck by part of the plot in her latest story, which was actually based on a strange telegram delivered to her by mistake the previous year.

STEVEN CAVAN, young attorney in love with Susan, takes charge of the affair. With police, under LIKUTENANT MURPHY, they visit Shepley's home, meeting there CAMILLA, his wife, and CARTER STONE and JANE MICHELIS, his secretaries.

Following some questioning by the police, Susan is allowed to go away by herself. Screened by curtains in the library, she hears two people enter. A man's voice says tensely: "My darling! Free at last!"

Now read on:—

AS Susan wheeled around, startled, whoever had come into the room spoke again: "Oh, my darling. My Camilla, I've waited so long for this."

"Carter!" Susan recognised Camilla's high and breathless voice. "You do love me. I was afraid you didn't any more."

"Darling, why?"

"Why, on account of Jane, of course."

"Jane!" There was a brief silence.

"I'm not in love with Jane, if that's what you mean," Carter Stone said.

"Now, now, Carter!" Camilla murmured roguishly. "I've seen you making excuses to be with her." "Camilla, I don't care anything for Jane," Carter insisted.

His voice carried conviction to Camilla, who murmured, "Darling," fondly, and to Susan, who now had no intention of making her presence known.

"Camilla, darling, you must open the safe," Carter Stone said urgently. "That's why I brought you here. The little safe, I mean." "Dearest, I'm so bewildered. The doctor will be here in a moment, I must go before he comes. Why must I—"

"Listen, Camilla," Carter Stone said. "Don't try to understand. Just trust me. You must open the safe. You see—oh, I can't explain why. But if Bert was murdered, we're all in for a dangerous time. Now, you're too upset to understand, but you know you can rely on me. You must open the safe right now."

"Darling, it's so wonderful to know you still love me. I thought you'd forgotten it. I didn't realise you were only waiting and hoping for this moment."

There was a touch of exasperation in Carter Stone's voice. "Yes, darling. You know how I feel. Hurry, now. There really isn't much time. We can make our plans later. The little safe. You know

the combination. It's right over there."

Over there? Susan had something of a nervous spasm. Where?

She could see only a segment of the room. She pulled herself back further into the shadow of the curtain and held her breath. But they were walking away from her. Apparently Camilla was complying, for there was a murmur and the click of a door.

Then Camilla's voice rose rather shrilly. "Carter! What are you doing? Those are the emeralds! Be careful."

"Never mind, sweetheart. It's something Bert and I knew about. Nobody else. The police mustn't know—or Luernson."

By MIGNON EBERHART

Luernson? Susan pricked up her ears. That was one of the names Shepley had mentioned at dinner, one of the persons she had yet to identify.

Camilla was still protesting. "But, darling—"

"I'll close the safe," Carter Stone said hurriedly. "There now. Come along, Camilla. You'll have to go back upstairs quickly. And you must not tell of this. I can't explain now, but you do trust me. Don't you?"

"Of course, darling," Camilla said with a kind of reluctance. "But the emeralds. Don't just carry them in your pocket like that. They're worth a fortune."

There was a little pause. Then

Carter Stone said in a deep, throbbing voice: "Camilla! Tell me you trust me!"

Camilla's voice was no longer pleased and breathless. Instead, it was curiously quiet and earnest. "Would I have done what I've done if I didn't trust you?"

There was another pause, this time an abrupt, sharp silence. Susan thought Carter Stone drew in his breath rather sharply.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked, as if disconcerted, "Camilla, you can't mean—"

"Ask me no more," Camilla said, sounding like a tragedy queen. "Kiss me."

"Listen, Camilla, do you know anything about his murder? You can't mean that?"

"Carter, why do you think it was murder? Is there any evidence?"

"How can I tell? The police are looking. Camilla, I don't know anything about it, except that I've got to get these stones safely hidden. I don't expect—if I'd known—but there's no time, now. Hurry, Camilla. We've got to get out of here! Come on."

There was a brusque and frightened note in his voice. This time Camilla seemed willing to allow herself to be propelled out of the room. The door closed so quietly that, for a moment or two, Susan could not be altogether sure it had closed.

At last, she ventured to pull the curtain away from the wall and peer

through the aperture. The room was again empty.

She took a nervous turn up and down the room, then sat down a little weakly on the arm of a chair. So that was the lay of the land. But what exactly had Camilla meant?

And why had Carter Stone persuaded her to remove the emeralds from the safe?

"Remove green," the strange telegram had said. Could that have meant emeralds?

But that was more than a year ago.

Susan shook her head impatiently and looked around the room, which, rather astonishingly, remained quite calm and untouched. And then she saw the safe.

Rather, she saw a modernistic painting of a telephone, an aster in a state of disrepair, and three right hands hanging crookedly on the wall, and went to it and found behind it the neat dial of a small but efficient-looking wall safe.

She replaced and straightened the picture thoughtfully. Hadn't there been some mention of another safe? Of course! She had caught a glimpse of it in the library.

Two safes, emeralds—green—and again the name Luernson!

She supposed the police would have to be told. But somehow the prospect of hurrying to the police with her ill-gotten bit of news was distasteful. To stave off the evil moment she decided to telephone her maid at once. Also, she had a strong desire to take a good look at the other safe.

Please turn to page 22

NEW and Sheerer Nylons

"Waltz Dream"

by
HILTON

Sheerer than any
nylons you've ever worn,
these new **HILTON** Nylon
stockings will give your
legs beauty such as you
have never dreamed of.

Why not make "Mother" a
gift of these lovely new Nylons?

Each pair of
Waltz Dream
stockings comes
to you in this
entirely new
and lovely pack.



HCG

LOVELY TO LOOK AT — LOVELIER TO WEAR

THE drizzling rain was falling as Thea Bishop hurried across Cathedral Place. There were two reasons why her neat feet moved more swiftly than usual. One was that she was five minutes late, and she had one of those impossible bosses who always arrive five minutes early.

The other reason was a group of University students who had just turned the corner into the square; one in particular.

He was tall and thin, with crisp, curly hair, and a cheeky grin. Thea did not know his name, but she had met him at the dance which marked the commencement of the new term.

She crossed the road hoping against hope that he would not see her, but the serenity of the square, dominated by the stately Minister, was shattered by an insolent "wolf-whistle."

Her face flamed.

"Hi Blondie!"

She would know that voice anywhere. She marched resolutely on, her heels tapping defiantly on the greasy pavement.

She turned into a little courtyard in front of what was originally a big house, but was now sublet as business offices.

The bay window on the ground floor bore the inscription "PRIVATE ENQUIRY AGENT" in large gold letters, and underneath, in smaller type, "Nils Pedersen."

Thea went through the open street door and into this room, and the sight of muddy footprints on the polished linoleum leading to the door of the inner sanctum did nothing to improve her temper.

She pushed the door fiercely behind her, then, suddenly remembering how easily it slammed, snatched at the handle, but too late.

Peeling the damp green felt hat from her flaxen head with a backward flick, she shook the flakes of plaster which had fallen on to it from the ceiling into the wastepaper basket.



Roses for the Bishop

She was hanging her mackintosh near the radiator when the inter-office telephone rang, and she dived at the receiver, her frown giving way to a smile as she heard the pleasant voice of her employer.

"Good-morning, Thea," he said, "I heard you arrive—I couldn't help hearing. It is nice of you to drop in occasionally."

Just then the outside phone rang, and with a brief "Just a minute," she quickly changed receivers.

She listened attentively, then said, "Wait a moment, please," and changed receivers again.

"The bishop's secretary wishes to speak to you, Mr. Pedersen," she said.

A low whistle came to her, followed by "Switch him through, Thea, and take notes."

The girl perched on the edge of the table, pulled a scribbling-pad towards her, and grabbed a pencil; then she connected the caller with Pedersen, with a brief "You're through."

The bishop's secretary asked if Mr. Pedersen would call at the Palace to see his lordship.

When Pedersen asked: "When?" the reply was: "As soon as possible."

They agreed on half-an-hour from then. Thea glanced at her watch and jotted down the time.

A little later her employer buzzed her and said: "Make yourself decent. Thea, we are calling on respectable people."

"I am always decent," she retorted.

She rang the girl on the switchboard upstairs and asked her to take any incoming calls, and then picked up her hat, flicking a piece of plaster which still clung to it on to the floor.

Cramming it on her head with a gesture of disgust, she pulled it into some semblance of shape, and then took her mackintosh off the coat-hanger.

As she was fastening the belt, the inner door opened, and Pedersen emerged; tall, broad-shouldered and resplendent in a new waterproof topped with a huge fur collar.

Thea raised her eyebrows and murmured: "I didn't know the bishop's palace was in Iceland."

"No sauce from you," replied Pedersen, good-humoredly. "Come along or we shall be late." He playfully edged her out of the office, letting the door slam behind them.

Five minutes later they entered the Palace, where they were received by a white-faced man in a black suit, who gave Thea the impression of being a Very Important Person. He raised his eyebrows in her direction, but said to Pedersen in a grating voice: "His lordship will see you at once."

He pivoted noiselessly on the thick carpet and led the way.

Thea had a vague idea that a bishop was a person who wore a mitre and flowing robes, and it was both a revelation and a relief when she found that the Bishop of Carminster was an ordinary little man about sixty, with a round bronzed face and a brown, bald head, ringed with shining silver hair.

He wore an ordinary suit and a clerical collar, and was puffing at a pipe. A pair of spectacles perched on his nose.

"Good morning, Mr. Pedersen," he said affably, advancing to meet the detective.

He nodded to Thea, and gave her a puzzled, though not unfriendly, smile.

Pedersen introduced her: "My secretary and assistant, Miss Bishop," he said.

"That makes us both Bishops, doesn't it?" replied his lordship, smiling, and Thea thought him a darling.

He waved them to a couple of straight-backed chairs and resumed his seat behind a large table on which stood a Chinese porcelain vase, beautifully worked with inlaid gold and a handpainted design, and filled with gorgeous pink and cream roses.

"What lovely flowers!" breathed Thea, "and so early in the season."

"That is what I wish to discuss," said the bishop.

She thought a florist would have been more suitable, but withheld her

By FRED BERRY

opinion on the matter and opened her notebook.

The bishop continued: "These flowers were delivered this morning, with this card," he said, handing Pedersen a square of white pasteboard, upon which some initials were written in a cold hand, while across the left-hand corner was a silhouette design.

"The Hands of Friendship," muttered Pedersen, "and who is H.H.?"

"That is your job to find out," replied his lordship.

"Does this signify anything to your lordship?" asked Pedersen. "Your lordship would not ask my help if you regarded it as a practical joke, obviously."

The bishop removed his glasses and rubbed the bridge of his nose with a pudgy forefinger and thumb, then settled back in his chair.

"I want you to find out who sent this card," said the Bishop, handing it to the detective.

"The Clapsed-Hands on that card is the sign of a Chinese Tong—you have heard of these societies, of course?"

"Yes. Please go on," said Pedersen.

"As you may have heard, I have recently returned from China—I was there on missionary work."

The detective nodded: "I remember reading it in the newspapers," he remarked.

"Shortly before I came home," went on the bishop, "I took a long tour into the Provinces, and in one of the smaller communities I had occasion to reprimand a Chinese official for victimising the Christians in his locality—his name was Lung Hl, or something like that."

"It so happened that he was a powerful member of this society, The Clapsed Hands."

He paused for a minute and Thea looked up.

Pedersen said to her: "Got that?" She nodded and the bishop went on with his story.

"I received a letter from the society warning me not to interfere with them, and advising me to get out of China. Normally I would have ignored it, for there is always an element of danger in missionary work, what with racial prejudices and trouble with local dictators—it is part of the work—but my wife is a very nervous woman."

"She took the warning seriously?" Pedersen asked.

"Yes. The husband of a dear friend of hers was murdered some years ago, under similar circumstances," the bishop explained, "and she implored me not to ignore the letter. Out of consideration for her I came home, and until now I thought the incident closed."

"There is nothing very ominous about roses," observed Thea.

"Does your lordship attach any significance to these flowers?" asked Pedersen, returning the card.

"They convey absolutely nothing to me," said the bishop.

"It seems fairly straightforward," announced the detective, after a little thought. "As the flowers were brought by messenger, they probably came from some local source."

He looked at the flowers critically and added: "They are quite fresh. I will make inquiries at the local florists and let your lordship know. May I have the card for identification?"

The pasteboard changed hands once more, and the bishop gave Pedersen a final caution that the matter was to be regarded as strictly confidential. Thea slipped her pencil and pad into her bag.

Outside in the street, she said: "Well, what does the big brain think about it?"

"Were it not for the card, I would say that someone was pulling the bishop's leg," said Pedersen.

"Don't be irreverent," said Thea. "He's nice."

Back in the office, she said: "What are you doing about the bishop's bouquet?"

"That is a little job for you," replied Pedersen. "Look up the addresses of all the local florists, then take the rest of the morning off and visit them."

He added: "Take the card with you and find out if any of them recognise it. If so, get a description and as much information as you can about the person who ordered the flowers."

"While you sit in a nice warm office reading detective stories," commented Thea.

"I have to study my profession," commented Pedersen. "Now run along, there's a good girl. It is not every day we have a lord bishop on our books."

Thea picked up the card and Pedersen went into his own office. Without bothering to remove her hat and coat, Thea pulled the local trade directory off the shelf and dumped it on the table in front of her.

Please turn to page 35

FROM PARIS

PAR AVION

★ These natural color photographs were taken specially for The Australian Women's Weekly, in the salons of the great Paris couturiers. More pictures taken in Paris will appear next week.



● Both gowns above are by Dior. The dance frock on the left is made by mounting thousands of small flowers on stiffened net. White horsehair woven in spirals covered with sequins makes the ball gown.



● Silage line, like the wake of a ship, is new note in Robert Pigue's navy-and-white spotted taffeta afternoon frock. Low-draped neckline has a pique vest and artificial flowers inset.



● Hat, belt, and cuffs of Jacques Fath's Ottoman satin afternoon ensemble are made of his "new poor" material, hessian. Note his new halter neckline.



● Hessian evening-coat embroidered with walnut shells, semi-precious stones, and heavy gold thread is one of Fath's "new poor" creations. So is the short-length dance frock with its strapless bodice embroidered with sequins, jewels, gold thread.



● A quiz-glass in the top of the long umbrella and the tricorne hat, reminiscent of the 18th century, are perfect accessories for Pierre Balmain's figured silk frock with side-draped skirt, elbow-length sleeves.

● Heavy white embroidery is trim used by Carven on her Gauguin-pink linen evening-dress. The gown on our cover is a Fath model made in satin with lace applique and pointed corner trims in the bodice.



Oh Boy!

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Marriage is so Complicated

"It's much nicer here on the terrace, Lynne," Allan said, with forced casualness.

LYNNE considered that she knew all about love. The trouble was, she didn't know anything about marriage. Both Allan and Steve spoke about it frequently enough, and Steve, who covered a lot of country in his work, proposed regularly by long-distance phone.

But, until this evening, he hadn't happened to phone while Allan was calling on her.

"Hello," Lynne said. "Oh, hello, Steve."

She clutched the phone a little tighter and glanced nervously at Allan. Sitting three feet away, he could hardly help noting her end of the conversation, at least.

Allan lit a cigarette, gazed politely at the far wall, and obviously prepared to listen. He had a most irritating face. It was good-looking enough, with wide-set, dark eyes, a thoroughly squared chin, and aggressive cheekbones.

The irritating part was that his face was under complete control; his mouth was never surprised into smiling, and when he wished to look blank he succeeded. He was looking blank now. Lynne felt he should at least show annoyance, if not jealousy.

"Yes, Steve," she said. Watching Allan, she dropped her voice a little. "Yes, I've thought a lot about what you said."

Steve's voice cracked over the wire, with little thrusts of intensity. It was clearly audible in the quiet living-room. "Don't waste time thinking about it," he said. "Marry me instead."

"I must think about it some more," Lynne said firmly.

"Very well, then," said Steve. "Look, Lynne, I forgot something."

"What?" she asked incautiously.

"I love you," Steve said promptly and with carrying power. "I love you, love you, love—"

"Stop!" said Lynne.

Allan knocked the ash very carefully from his cigarette to the floor, and changed the direction of his gaze from a water color of the sea to a spot on the ceiling.

Steve was protesting in her ear: "Lynne—what's the matter with you? You don't sound natural."

"Ring me again, Steve. To-morrow night."

"I'll see you, instead," he returned. "Let's get engaged to-morrow night. There's no moon."

"Wait," said Lynne. "I can't—I don't—"

"You will," said Steve. "Good-night, darling."

She put the phone down. Allan stopped looking at the ceiling.

"Well?" he said.

"Well what?"

"Are you going to get engaged to him to-morrow night?" Allan inquired, in a tone of quiet interest.

Lynne seethed with indignation. Steve did too much pursuing, and Allan didn't do enough.

"What about it?" she said irritably.

"If you get engaged to Steve," Allan pointed out, "you'll be less likely to marry me."

Lynne looked at him. He might be strong, but he definitely wasn't silent. Only he didn't say the right things.

"That shouldn't worry you much," she told him. "You don't make any effort to win me. Why—you don't even make love to me."

"You've been running around with schoolboys," Allan said tranquilly. "This is marriage I'm talking about—not 'making love.'"

There it was again. Lynne leaned back wearily in her chair.

Allan stood up. He looked down at her intently. "I'm not interested in arguing you into marrying me," he said. "I'm not interested in getting you so dizzy with emotion that you spin into marriage. I'm not interested."

"Don't tell me," she interrupted him. "You're no help at all."

He grinned then, unexpectedly. "Don't worry. You'll get your sales talk from Steve to-morrow night."

"Oh, go away. How you win any cases, I don't know. You probably tell the other side that you aren't interested in law."

"Good-night," Allan said.

His hand slipped under her elbow, and she was standing. He kissed her, and the dark curtain, that always screened her feeling for him, slipped a little. She saw a brightness, and then it was gone again. She wondered what he saw.

Allan stood away from her. "Did you forget about that?" he said. "Don't look so surprised, Lynne—that's part of it. I don't want to marry you just because you can cook."

"Oh," said Lynne, off base.

"Good-night," said Allan. "Say 'no' to-morrow night." He went out, and left her standing there, considerably mixed up.

Moodily, she tidied up her two-room apartment, showered, and went to bed.

Please turn to page 36

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comfort...*

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Wear the new season's
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look. Ask for Cutex to-day.

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BEAUTIFUL
NEW
BOTTLE

CUTEX
LIQUID Nail Polish

A.C.4-12



1—LESSON in
sign language
is given to lonely
deaf and dumb
Belinda (Jan e
Wyman) by kindly
Dr. Richardson
(Lew Ayres) at
fishing village in
Nova Scotia.



JOHNNY BELINDA



4—ADVANCES are made towards Belinda when she is alone on farm by drunken fisherman Locky (Stephen McNally), who gains her trust by pretending to play violin. Locky is jealous of Dr. Richardson because the doctor has won the admiration of Locky's fiancée, Stella (Jan Sterling), who works as doctor's housekeeper.



6—BIRTH OF SON to Belinda gives her great happiness, though she does not understand tragedy it has brought to her father. Sympathy of Dr. Richardson, who guesses correctly that Locky is the baby's father, helps Belinda, who has become the subject of condemnation from all the villagers.



2—REALISATION that his daughter is intelligent and able to understand lip-reading makes farmer McDonald (Charles Bickford) less bitter about her affliction, and he treats her with more kindness. Belinda has been unable to make friends in the village.

Academy Award role for Jane Wyman

★ Not a word is spoken by Jane Wyman during the screening of "Johnny Belinda," the Warners drama of a girl who is deaf and dumb.

Jane received the 1948 Academy Award for the best feminine acting, and the film received twelve nominations for award honors.

The story was adapted from Elmer Harris' stage play, and is a powerful drama of adult quality.

Producer Jerry Wald and director Jean Negulesco have received superb help from their cast, headed by Jane Wyman, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, Stephen McNally, and Agnes Moorhead.

Photography in the hands of Ted McCord has great brilliance, and Max Steiner's musical score has a haunting quality which fits perfectly with the tragedy of an afflicted girl.

Two character studies of rare competence are given by Agnes Moorhead and Charles Bickford as Belinda's aunt and father.



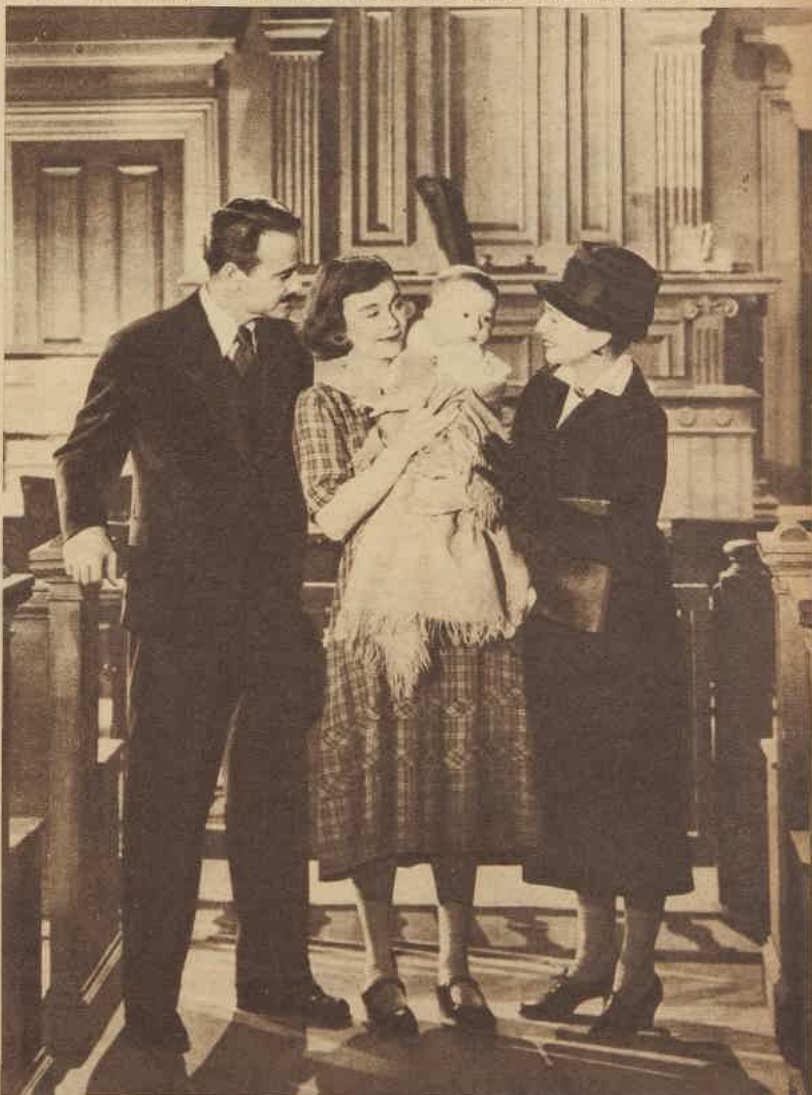
5—TERRIFIED by Lucky, Belinda tries to escape, but he ignores her silent pleas for protection and refuses to let her go free.



7—SUSPICION that Lucky is the baby's father makes Belinda's father accuse him. They fight on cliff edge and Lucky kills McDonald before truth can be revealed. Villagers suspect Dr. Richardson of being baby's father, and start a feud against him.



3—MUSIC played at country dance gives Belinda new interest, as doctor shows her how to feel vibrations of violin strings, and she learns to dance. Villagers are amazed at the sudden change in the girl, to whom they have displayed only pitiful curiosity.



8—FREED after trial for her murder of Lucky, whom she shoots when he attempts to take the baby by force on grounds of her incapacity to care for it, Belinda is able to understand that her acquittal was due to evidence given by Lucky's widow, Stella.

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Author "Wool in the Home" was written by Nora S. McDougall — Principal of the Sydney Interior Decoration Studio, Graduate of the New York School of Fine Arts.



"Wool in the Home" is not just an advertisement for Wool. It is designed to help every home-lover — present or future — to solve problems of furnishing. This wonderful free book will be your constant guide to making and keeping your home attractive, convenient and comfortable.

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Styles and Arrangements • Floor Coverings and Carpets • Blankets.



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Renovating Furniture • and much more besides.

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SWISS Ski Clothes



● Red, proofed-gabardine jacket has high pockets to give new squared shoulder-line. Cuffs and band are black hand-knit. Head scarf is black. Dead white jackets are very new this winter.



● Perfect copy of the Engleberger, Swiss national costume, and Bally boots to match the embroidery on the jacket are the newest after-ski fashions. Black jacket is richly embroidered. It is worn with black ski trousers, part of basic ski-suit, below.



● Corduroy slacks are a must for after-ski relaxation. Sandra wears them with a proofed tartan jacket, cut on the new loose-fitting lines, with easily detachable hood. Underneath is a charming Swiss muslin blouse, suitable for informal dancing.



● Basic black ski trousers and loose, proofed jacket which must be the first items in a smart ski outfit this winter, and are suitable for ski-ing in anything except blizzard weather. Gloves and scarf give color. Models designed by Rosy Brodt, Davos.

● Sandra Jaques, of Sydney, modelled these ski clothes specially for The Australian Women's Weekly at Davos, Switzerland, and below she gives highlights of Swiss winter sports fashions.

THE smartest color for skiing is black. It looks well on those with tan or without, and is sheer drama against the snowclad Alps. It is the perfect background for gay touches of clear red, yellow, or blue in gloves or head scarf.

But most important, it guarantees the fined-down line that is the first essential for smart ski clothes.

Taking black as the basic color, the smart skier has a tailored pair of ski pants in double-weft proofed gabardine. These must fit to perfection, and taper to nothing into the ski-boot. No expense or trouble should be spared to have these well made, because with one smart, well-cut pair in the best possible material, changes can be rung in gay sweaters and jackets.

Having achieved the dead straight line that looks as if it has been dragged into the boot, nothing must be allowed to bulge. Zippered trouser pockets are smart and decorative; but must be regarded only as trimming, never as functional.

Fashion trend for winter ski-ing is toward light, loose-fitting jackets shown here. They are impregnated against the snow. Of course, for real blizzard ski-ing a belted, proofed jacket must be worn, with attached hood tying firmly on the head; but for fine, sunny weather light ski clothes with woollens underneath are exactly right in weight.

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What you do is give yourself a luxurious beauty-facial every night with Skin Deep Facial. Just smooth this life-giving beauty cream lightly over your face and neck at bed time and leave on overnight. The important thing about Skin Deep Facial is that it nourishes the deep under-skin; you can tell this at once by the surprising way it goes right into your skin.

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how quickly you can soften away all the dryness and roughness of sun and wind. Your skin blossoms into new freshness from your very first facial. Thousands of women already use Skin Deep Facial! You can get it at any chemist or store, 5/- for a large treatment-size jar.

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You've got a good grip of the Winter problem when you get into Eagley Nevashrink all-wool Underwear. Guaranteed unshrinkable, it will wash and wash without losing its cosy, smooth-seamed fleeciness. Eagley Nevashrink ensures you of longer lasting wear and comfort! Because it lasts longer, Eagley Nevashrink is the most economical underwear you can buy. It's your simplest money-saving guard against Wintertime colds and chills. You'll be out and about all this Winter—and next Winter, too—in Eagley Nevashrink Underwear.

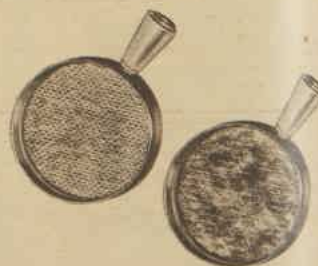
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When prices show an upward trend only the best will do. By buying the best you spend less. Buy Eagley Nevashrink all-wool Underwear—the best—the brand which guarantees you value, quality and lasts longer.

It's time to change to
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All Wool Underwear—guaranteed Unshrinkable

AT ALL LEADING STORES



A WASH TUB MIRACLE

The top photograph shows Eagley Nevashrink washed thoroughly in warm, soapy water. Compare it with the similarly treated ordinary woollen fabric shown in the lower photograph.

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NEW £3000 COOKERY CONTEST

Prizes create world record

To-day we launch another great cookery contest with prize-money totalling £3000.

This sets a new world record. It is greater by £1000 than the prize-money awarded in our last year's cookery contest and is the largest sum ever given by any newspaper in any cookery contest anywhere in the world.

Ever since its inception 16 years ago, The Australian Women's Weekly has been giving a unique three-fold cookery service to homemakers. Every week it features recipes prepared by our experts and tested in our own kitchens; it encourages housewives to share with others their own tried and tested recipes. It awards substantial cash prizes weekly ranging from £10 for a single recipe.

From time to time, it features spectacularly successful contests with large cash prizes. Last year's contest covered family budget plans, menus, and recipes of every type.

This year's contest is entirely new. It offers more scope for the ambitious homemaker who tries to make the home the happiness centre of life for

all members of the family, and a hospitable meeting ground for friends.

Big prizes are offered for every type of family dinner menu and for all types of home entertainment, from a party for the children to a barbecue supper.

The contest will close on July 2 and results will be announced in August.

Section 1:

£1000 GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE

Grand Champion Prize of £1000 will be awarded for the best detailed plan for a 21st birthday party, including the menu, recipes, details of preparation of food, table decoration, ceremony for presentation of key, proposed entertainment.

A competitor may submit any number of entries in this section.

Entries should be set out as follows:

1. Menu, set out in correct menu form, i.e., dishes listed one beneath the other.

2. Recipes for all dishes included in menu must be given in detail, in the order in which they are listed in the menu. Quantities in recipes must be sufficient for thirty guests to be served. Proportion of ingredients, method of preparing and cooking must be correct in every detail.

3. Attach a clear explanation of serving (i.e., formal service or buffet), of proposed table decoration, ceremony for presentation of key, proposed entertainment to precede or follow the menu, novel and unusual ideas to make the function an outstanding and memorable occasion.

4. Attach a practical working schedule, explaining what advance preparation you would make, and how you would handle the preparation of the food for this party, with the help of one or two members of the family or friends.

5. Attach a brief statement of approximate cost—there is no money limit, but the total cost should be within the reach of the average family which likes to entertain in this way in the home.

Points the Judges will look for in all sections

- Menus which are unusual and interesting, providing well-flavored dishes made from ingredients readily available.
- Menus which are practical and workable, within the reach of the average family.
- Menus based on recipes which are correct in proportion and accurate as regards method of preparation and cooking.

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Only those entries which are submitted according to the rules will be eligible.

2. Competitors may submit any number of entries in each and every section and class.

3. Entries must be clearly written on one side of the paper only—in ink, or typed, not in pencil.

4. Full name and address, including State, to be included clearly on each page. Indicate section and class in which you are entering.

5. Recipes accompanying menus must be accurate. List ingredients in the order in which they are used, give exact weights or measurements in level cups, tablespoons, or teaspoons. Directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete, and concise.

6. Employees of Consolidated Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

7. The decision of the judges will be absolutely final. No entries will be returned, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning such entries. No personal interviews will be granted.

8. All entries submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to publish any of them.

9. Address entries to the Head Office, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

For details of Sections 3 and 4, please turn to page 21.

FOUR SECTIONS

SECTION 1: £1000 Grand Champion Prize for best detailed plan for a 21st birthday party for 30.

SECTION 2: £1410 in cash prizes for menus and ideas for celebration dinners, children's parties, buffet dinners, barbecue suppers, wedding breakfasts, engagement and pre-wedding tea parties.

SECTION 3: Winter dinners—seven classes for three-course week-day, Sunday, and oven dinners for households of varying sizes. £295 in prizes.

SECTION 4: Summer dinners—seven classes for three-course week-day, Sunday, and top-of-stove dinners for households of varying sizes. £295 in prizes.

Section 2:

£1410 IN PRIZES

CLASS 1.—Best celebration dinner for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Six consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 2.—Best barbecue supper party for 25.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 3.—Best engagement or pre-wedding afternoon tea party for 25.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 4.—Best wedding breakfast menu for 30 guests.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 5.—Best menu for 7 p.m. buffet dinner for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 6.—Best novelty bridge tea for 12.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CLASS 7.—Best menu plan for children's party for 20.

First prize, £100. Second prize, £50. Five consolation prizes of £10.

CONDITIONS FOR SECTION 2, PAGE 21.

KEEP THIS PAGE AND THE CONDITIONS ON PAGE 21 BY YOU FOR REFERENCE

SMALLPOX DANGER

THE smallpox outbreak on the Mooltan has resulted in much criticism of the laws and regulations governing vaccination here and in England.

Many people were surprised to find that smallpox vaccination is not compulsory for travellers leaving Australia by ship.

The Mooltan deaths show that, though not compulsory, it is urgently necessary.

The question of compulsion is always a controversial one in a democracy, but in this instance it seems strange that anyone need be compelled to protect himself from such a dangerous and disfiguring disease.

The truth is that with modern protection and sanitation the smallpox danger seemed so remote that many travellers felt safe in disregarding it in the pre-departure rush.

A similar and equally fallacious sense of security causes many mothers to delay diphtheria immunisation for their children.

Health authorities are constantly beseeching them to take advantage of the services available; yet every year the majority of cases are those of unimmunised children.

Science has provided the world with many boons, not the least being means to ward off certain diseases, which once caused widespread misery or death.

The Mooltan tragedy suggests that those who do not take advantage voluntarily of preventive measures should now be compelled to, for their own safety and the public good.

Scientist's research on blood diseases

After a year abroad of travel and study on a Commonwealth Research Scholarship, 30-year-old Mr. Raymond Lyons has returned to Australia greatly impressed by the facilities and assistance available in America for research into medical problems.

MR. LYONS, who is a Research Fellow of the Department of Surgery, Sydney University, is engaged in research into diseases of the blood.

He is co-discoverer with a Sydney doctor of a means of forecasting when thrombosis will occur after an operation or in childbirth, and its preventive treatment.

While in America, Mr. Lyons worked for three months in the Medical Department of Columbia University, New York.

One of America's oldest universities, Columbia was founded in 1754, and its Medical School, first started in 1767, is the nucleus of a great medical centre.

In the one building at Columbia University Medical Centre, costly apparatus such as an electron microscope, several electro-phoretic apparatuses, spectro-photometer, refrigerated centrifuges and cold-rooms were all available to researchers.

Every Australian engaged on post-graduate work whom Mr. Lyons met in America was impressed by the way the Americans co-operated and placed all facilities at their disposal.

He visited a number of clinics throughout the States.

Mr. Lyons lectured on his work at Columbia University.

Work at all hours

"COLUMBIA'S Medical Department is a wonderful place," Mr. Lyons said.

"In just two months there you can meet people from all over the world who are interested in your particular line of research."

American scientists and research medical men, he said, worked hard until all hours of the night, and quickly got visitors into the habit of working while they were in the mood and relaxing only when some progress had been made.

"You're so imbued with enthusiasm at Columbia, you work nearly all day and night for a week, and then go off to a Connecticut farm or something for a relaxing week-end," Mr. Lyons said.

"When American scientists work, they work, and when they relax, they relax."

Mr. Lyons said facilities for research at Columbia were available to all visiting men and women workers, even if they were staying for only a few months.

"All the research in which I was interested was confined to a big centre, but if certain apparatus was not available in our section, other



MR. RAYMOND LYONS, who has just returned from abroad.

sections willingly placed their facilities at our disposal," he said.

After visiting other medical centres in America, Raymond Lyons went to England, where he worked for six months at the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford.

Research into haemophilia, the blood disease suffered by people known as "bleeders," took up much of Mr. Lyons' time while he was abroad.

Haemophilia is a hereditary disease which occurs only in men but is transmitted through the mother. It causes uncontrollable bleeding from even slight wounds or cuts.

"The Hapsburgs and the Spanish Royal Family suffered from this disease, and it has affected the course of history more than any other," Mr. Lyons said.

"Since the disease was discovered over 150 years ago, it has been carefully studied, but a cure has not been found.

"Progress is being made in small

stages all over the world, but it still remains for someone to correlate all this information to make a complete picture. When this is finally done there will be hope for a cure."

In England Mr. Lyons spent most of his time at Oxford, where he lectured. He met a large number of Australian graduates in medicine studying at British universities and hospitals.

"They're all working hard, too," he said.

Australian Rhodes Scholar Dr. William Woodward, of Sydney, is now doing post-graduate work in diseases of blood at the Radcliffe Infirmary.

New drug

SPEAKING of new drugs, Mr. Lyons said a new discovery known as aureomycin, and related to the streptomycin group, promised to be of great help in the treatment of Q-Fever, a mild form of typhus which occurs in Queensland.

"There is also a slight possibility that it might be of some value in treating virus diseases. There is no evidence, however, that it will be of any use against poliomyelitis and the common cold, although they are virus diseases," Mr. Lyons added.

Mr. Lyons said there are probably more scientists in America working on blood diseases than in any other avenue of medical research.

"Some of the most complicated diseases, including leukaemia, which has become known to the general public in recent years, are diseases of the blood."

"Scientists and medical men all over the world are making fresh discoveries from month to month, but there is still a great deal to be done."

Interesting People



AIR VICE-MARSHAL J. P. J. MCCAULEY

... commands Eastern Area
NEW Officer Commanding Eastern Area, R.A.A.F. is Air Vice-Marshal J. P. J. McCauley, previously Chief of Staff to Commander of B.C.O.F. in Japan. Born at Mosman, N.S.W., Air Vice-Marshal McCauley was educated at St. Joseph's College, Duntroon, and Melbourne University. He left the Australian Staff Corps in 1924 to transfer to the R.A.A.F., and is one of its most travelled senior officers.



MISS SHIRLEY FRASER

... ballet scholarship
GOING to London for year's work at Sadler's Wells Ballet School is 17-year-old Shirley Fraser, of Cronulla, N.S.W., winner of Royal Academy of Dancing, London's 1948 scholarship, awarded bi-annually to Queensland and N.S.W. At present appearing in Melbourne in "Oklahoma," Shirley has been studying ballet since she was a small girl, holds the Royal Academy's Advanced Diploma, and has her heart set on a classical ballet career.



SIR LIONEL LINDSAY

... stamp design
ETCHING of Henry Lawson by Sir Lionel Lindsay has been used as basis of design of new two-pence-halfpenny stamp to be issued in June to commemorate 82nd anniversary of Lawson's birth. Sir Lionel belongs to famous family of artists and writers, was born at Creswick, Victoria, has paid many visits to Spain, where the strong light and color greatly appeal to him and suit his work. His book, "Added Art," fiercely attacked modern experiments in painting.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By Gus



SNAPPED AT RANDWICK. Lang and Codge Gibson, of Young, arrive at Randwick in time for lunch at Australian Club on St. Leger Day at Randwick. Codge wore attractive cigar-brown ensemble to races.



COUNTRY INTEREST AT RACES. Doug Munro, of Gundri, Merriwa (left), arrives at St. Leger Day at Randwick with Mrs. Mick Fairfax, of Tarnuk, Merriwa, Mrs. Munro, and Mr. George Sayers. The Munro clan have had good luck with their cattle at the Show this year.



FOR CORAL SEA BALL. Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere pours glass of French champagne for Mrs. Douglas Lamb at cocktail party held in basement of Marton Hall, Margaret Street, in aid of Coral Sea Ball to be held at Prince's on May 4. Hostesses at party were Mesdames David Craig, Graham Praffen, W. J. Smith, and George McCadden.



DISTINGUISHED VISITORS to Australia are the Most Hon. the Marquess of Queensberry and the Marchioness of Queensberry, who intend to visit most States and also hope to see Northern Territory.

Intimate Gossipings

EASTER MEETING at Randwick brings out its usual array of up-to-the-minute fashionable clothes when Sydney women don their new season's models come hail or fine weather. Fortunately, the sun prevailed at Randwick and lovely gowns were worn with eye-catching accessories.

Hats made fashion news. Not only did the Easter bonnet have a little bird upon it, but I'll guarantee that some women used a whole aviary to get the effect with their trimming.

Hats brought forth excited exclamations of admiration, envy, and pride from feminine punters. The male racegoer wasn't so sure as to whether he approved of the feather-trim fashion. "I've had feathers in my eyes, tickling my nose, as I stand in the queue to place my tote bet," one irate male tells me. As he spoke a willowy brunette swept by and I left him coping with a mouthful of feathers.

Maybe it's just male sympathy for feathered friends, as the male in birdland is always gayer than his mate!



ENGAGED IN ENGLAND. Sylvia Williams (right), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Williams, of Turramurra, who is engaged to Lieut. David Jeans, R.N. Sylvia travels to Sydney to collect trousseau before returning to London, where she will be married in August. With her is Nan Rivett-Carnac, daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Rivett-Carnac, of Suffolk, who will spend a holiday in Melbourne.



MARRIED IN WOLLONGONG. Mr. and Mrs. Foster Goodman leaving St. Michael's Church, Wollongong, after their marriage on Easter Saturday. Bride formerly Patricia Sullivan, of Wollongong.

ANOTHER style which was well to the fore and was in evidence at Randwick for the first time was the stole. Sydney women have worn this fashion in the evening with their pretty party frocks, but Randwick saw their first appearance for day wear. Some women chose velvet, some a matching wool to their dress, and some fur. Two of the loveliest fur stoles were worn by Mrs. Bertie Field and Mrs. Dick Curran. Jacqueline Field wore hers with a soft duck-egg-blue ensemble with matching felt hat and brown accessories. Joyce Curran's choice was a lily-of-the-valley-green suit with brown accessories.



HAPPY COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hollen snapped as they arrive at Carlton Hotel for reception after their wedding at St. David's Church, Lindfield. Bride formerly Joan Spiers, of Chatswood.



GOVERNOR'S SON MARRIES. Sir John Lavarack, Governor of Queensland, with his son James and his bride, formerly Suzanne Cornell, and Lady Lavarack, at reception at home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cornell, at Commonwealth Bank, Port Kembla. Couple marry at St. Michael's, Wollongong.

IMPRESSIONS OF RANDWICK. Disappointment that the King and Queen weren't here to attend meeting as planned before King's illness prevented their trip. Fashions have settled down after disturbed times of arrival of "new look" . . . the absence of youthful punters at races and how wise they are to stay at home and stay beautiful and fresh for parties at night. The difficulty experienced by those who lunch at Australian Club in getting to main stand, and how lucky the men are to get into their stand so quickly and easily.

HOSTS of country people at meeting. See the Fred Moses', of Valais, Willow Tree, arrive with Fred's brother Henry and his pretty fiancée, Penelope Munro. Both Joan Moses and Penelope choose grey for their Easter Saturday ensembles. Mrs. Frank Thompson, of Muswellbrook, attended meeting with her mother, Mrs. Fred Merewether, Mrs. Laurie Morgan, of Scone, Mrs. John Pavell, Mrs. Cecil Last, of Muttama, and Mrs. Paul Martin, of Cassilis, were smart punters.

SISTERS Mrs. Tom Rutledge, of Gidleigh, Bungendore, and Mrs. Denis Allan, of Sydney, had afternoon tea together. Both chose beige for their Easter Saturday race ensembles. Mrs. Geoff Ashton, of Markdale, Binda, looked charming in a grey suit trimmed with Persian lamb. Pretty young country matrons Peggy Osborne and Patsy Garvan also wore suits. Patsy chose a buttercup-yellow wool for her Easter suit, and Peggy's was self-striped grey worn with pretty grey veiled hat and brown accessories.

GREAT popping of champagne corks when the G. A. Silks arrive back at their suite at the Australia Hotel to toast their horse, Carbon Copy, winner of the Sydney Cup, with French champagne. Carbon Copy was bred by the Silks at their own stud farm, Werribee, about 30 miles out of Melbourne. Guests who helped them celebrate included Melbourne friends the Ronald Notts, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril McCarthy, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Foley, Dr. and Mrs. Graham Godfrey.

Mrs. Lionel McPadyen, who arrived at Randwick with her husband and punted with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Gloria Miller, chose a tailored grey suit for Cup Day. Worn with almond-green hat and smart black accessories, Mrs. McPadyen's ensemble was one of smartest there.

Mrs. Silk wore ballerina gown of gunmetal satin for party. Party then adjourned to Manly to Hotel Manly, where former Lord Mayor of Melbourne, Sir Raymond Connolly, and Lady Connolly entertained about 100 guests at a supper party.

SEE Mrs. W. J. Barnes placing tote bet, and she tells me Barnes family are thrilled with new addition of William Barnes the third. Baby is first child born to Mrs. Barnes' son Jim and his attractive wife, Anna. Believe baby's namesakes—his grandpa and uncle—are very thrilled at his arrival.

SMART group who meet under the "do not loiter" sign include Mrs. John Bovill, Mrs. John Thompson, of Goodee, Cassilis, Mrs. Hugh Birch, and Claudia Beasley. Rosemary Thompson tells me she is thrilled to be sailing for six months' trip to England. Rosemary hopes to return to Sydney through America. Another member of group soon to be saying good-bye to Sydney is Mrs. Marj Birch. She and her husband, Hugh, will fly off to New Guinea.

Joyce

Chifley is afraid to smash Communism

AUSTRALIA IS SICK OF
FEEBLE EXCUSES

Mr. Chifley excuses Communism
as being just "another political
philosophy."

*The Liberal Party says Communism is treason, and every real
communist a traitor. We refuse to mince words over self-evident
facts.*

There must be no more misguided tolerance; no more weak-kneed
compromise.

Liberalism stands for free thought and free expression. That is
to say, there must be room in the community for every kind of
political philosophy except one which attacks Parliamentary self-
government itself, or which sets out to destroy freedom for others.

As soon as the Liberal Party is returned to office the
Communist Party in Australia will become an illegal organisation.
Those who preach, teach or advocate Communism
will be treated as subversive and treasonable agents should
always be treated.

I believe that Communism, if allowed to persist and develop in
Australia, will destroy trade unionism in this country and that the
destruction of trade unionism would be a calamity. I believe that
it will destroy even those freedoms which have been left to us by
a Government which faint-heartedly "tolerates" Communism.

*The time has come to treat Communism in Australia not as an
eccentric "philosophy" but as a deadly enemy.*

Only a Non-Labor Government will so treat it.

Robert Menzies

R. G. MENZIES,
PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CANBERRA.

GIVE FINANCIAL SUPPORT TO THE
LIBERAL PARTY—send your contribu-
tion to State Headquarters.

Authorised by D. M. Cleland, 30 Ash Street, Sydney.

Spring Cruise

Continued from page 4

THE Sub. looked sombrely over his folded arms. This is about where Flora's fun ends, said he to himself, a trifle bitterly. He could have slain Enrico willingly, but Enrico was oblivious to all that. He had a lot of money on the fight, and bent forward, eagerly interested.

A lot of strutting little men in ornate but fussy knickers strutted about the ring, and the bull, a bravely furious animal, darted to and fro, churning up the sand as he went.

Just at first the dexterous movements of the men were interesting, then the first one drew blood. The Sub. took a furtive glance at Flora. He thought that she paled a little, but Enrico was clapping his perfumed hands and crying "Brava, Brava," at the top of his voice.

The bull had stopped his first rush. He did not understand pain. He turned, and stampeded across the ring, to receive a banderilla in the shoulder.

"Oh, make them stop it," the Sub. heard Flora appeal to Enrico.

But Enrico wasn't making anybody stop it. He had too much money on it. Her imploring eyes looked past Enrico and met the Sub's. He jerked a couple of thumbs, then he blundered down the alleyway.

He had planned exactly what he intended to do, and it would send all Enrico's money down the drain and give him personally a great deal of satisfaction. For the moment, was approaching when those poor old horses were due. That would be the end.

Pepi was sitting outside the stable yard on an upturned bucket.

"Hullo, saire. Very good, Senor? That was fun, ha?" he inquired.

Beside him on the ground, in vigorous contrast to the evil-smelling yard and the half-dead horses, lay a bunch of dark red roses. The Sub. indicated them.

"How much?" he asked. Everything has a price in Spain.

"I give them you, saire. From me. In esteem," protested Pepi gallantly, and handing them with one hand, he presented a brazenly open palm with the other. The Sub. handed him five shillings. The old trout in Lowndes Square had done him well.

"Take them to the Senorita for me," he said, "with this card."

On the back of the card he had written: "Say you're sick. I'm waiting at side door."

Pepi looked at it dubiously. The five shillings was tempting, of course.

"But the horses, Senor? It is almost time?"

"I'll see after the horses. You can trust me."

"It is importance, saire. Be careful, Senor."

"It's okay by me," said the Sub., feeling a good deal more light-hearted than he had done since he got to Gih.

Pepi, red roses and card in hand, went off to the arena, where the bull was beginning to look a very nasty sight.

Pepi smiled encouragingly to himself, for no Spaniard is averse to a touch of romance, and a few red roses give it no end of a fillip! He handed the bouquet to Flora, who had gone very pale, and had arrived at that stage when you find your-

self swallowing hard and continuously.

The moment Pepi had gone, the Sub. opened the door of the stable yard, and five decrepit horses lurching towards him on stiff legs.

"Come on you! 'Op it!" said the Sub., and he caught one of them a resounding thwack on the rump. It surprised the horse considerably. He was used to all manner of Gibraltarian minor cruelties, with a nail at the end of a whip, but he did not understand the good old British flat of the hand.

He lumbered out into the sunshine, the others after him, out into the street beyond and through the street with the pink granite seats, and the palm trees that give no shade whatsoever. The slap on the rump had set them all a-jitter, and now they stampeded off into the open country beyond. They were relieved.

And, said the Sub to himself: That'll about put the kibosh on their grand finale with the matadors!

Those inside the arena had not heard the stampede, for at that moment another banderilla had set the bull, and someone had flung down a rose wreath which had suspended itself on one horn in, oh, so ludicrous a fashion! Flora was swallowing harder than ever.

"I'm going to be sick," she said, and pushed past Enrico out of the ring. He was so busy contemplating avidly the arrival of the horse that he hardly even noticed.

Outside the La Linea bullring was a motley selection of ancient motor cars—tourist type—and lolling in them dark-skinned drivers.

"Can you take us to the cork woods?" Charles asked the Spanish driver, and bundled Flora in.

It was at that identical moment that pandemonium broke loose inside. Pepi, returning from a romantic mission, saw that he had been betrayed. The stable yard door was open and the steeds gone. The upturned bucket had been kicked into kingdom come!

"Heavens above!" gasped the unfortunate Pepi, clasping his head with his hands. "now what do I do?"

In the cork woods the Sub. was making the most of his moment. "You see, that sort of fellow doesn't understand. It's the Latin instinct."

"Yes, but I had no idea it would be so awful. He was such a very nice bull; he did play clean and they didn't."

"Well, he'll be all right now. He's done what few fighting bulls do: he's got away. Now, don't he talk about him," said the Sub.

For there were other things to talk of, of course. And cuckoos do sing in the cork woods in March and it is a very good background for a proposal of marriage.

Later that evening Flora dined on board with Charles. Number One had lent his cabin.

It was very good of Number One, but, as he said to a fellow-officer, "Poor chap, I thought he needed a bit of fun. He's had a bad time here, and if he's to have that old admiral for an uncle he may have a worse time ahead. Let him have a bit of a kick while he can."

A lone carrozzi waited at Ragged Staff steps.

Pepi crouched on the box. It had been the most undesirable bullfight he had ever attended. He doubted if he would ever be in charge of the horses again. He thought with some disgust of the Sub. and the English as a whole.

"What you call the sportsman spirit," said Pepi to himself, and he spat disdainfully into the dust.

Which all goes to show that there can be several angles on a day. You never know!

(Copyright)



"Didn't think the old man could dance any more, did you?"

Our £3000 Cookery Contest

Conditions for Section 2.

ENTRIES in each and every class of Section 2 should be set out in the following manner:

1. Menu in correct menu form—that is, courses and dishes set out one beneath the other.

2. Detailed recipes for all dishes to be set out in order in which they are listed in the menu. Ingredients to be written plainly, followed by clear, concise instructions for mixing, cooking, and serving. Note: Quantities must be sufficient for the number of servings specified—for instance, in Class 1, quantities must be sufficient for 12.

3. Include any novel ideas you may have for adding interest to the particular function, and attach a brief statement (200 to 300 words) explaining clearly how you would arrange a practical working schedule in order to have all dishes ready at the right time. Make suggestions for advance preparation.

Section 3:

Winter Dinners

CLASS 1.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 3.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 5.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 7.—Best winter oven dinner for family of six.

First prize £20, Second prize, £10.

Eleven consolation prizes of £5 in Section 3.

Section 4:

Summer Dinners

CLASS 1.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 2.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for two adults.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 3.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 4.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of four.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 5.—Best 3-course week-day dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 6.—Best 3-course Sunday dinner for family of six.

First prize, £25. Second prize, £10.

CLASS 7.—Best top-of-stove summer dinner for family of six.

First prize £20, Second prize, £10.

Eleven consolation prizes of £5 in Section 4.

Conditions for Sections 3 and 4.

MENUS entered in Classes 1 to 6 of Sections 3 and 4 should include foods of a type suitable for the season specified. They should be set out in correct menu form, i.e., dishes listed one beneath the other.

The three courses may consist of savory or fruit appetiser, meat and vegetables, sweet. Or soup, fish entree, meat and vegetables. Or soup, meat or fish and vegetables, sweet.

Include detailed recipes for all dishes listed in menu. Set recipes out clearly—ingredients listed first, followed by method in clear detail. Quantities must be sufficient for number of people specified.

Menus entered in Section 3, Class 7: Winter dinner menus of two or more courses must be correctly set out, with dishes listed one beneath the other, followed by detailed recipes for all dishes listed.

All dishes must be oven-cooked (including vegetables). Give details of how dishes are accommodated in the oven, times oven door is opened to insert dishes taking a shorter time to cook. Include sufficient information to make the menu workable for a family of six.

Menus entered in Section 4, Class 7: Summer dinner menus of two or more courses must be correctly set out, with dishes listed one beneath the other, followed by detailed recipes.

All dishes must be cooked on the top of the stove. Details must be given of cooking arrangements to suit the average stove, i.e., gas, electric, or kerosene stoves with three or four burners, or fuel stove. Include sufficient information to make the menu practical and workable for a family of six.

NOTE: All menus in Sections 3 and 4 must be within the reach of average family finances, and nutritionally well-balanced.



To be at their best in meeting whatever tests they are called upon to face is the aim of every normal person. This is achieved only by maintaining a high standard of fitness. Steady nerves, clear, alert brains, and energy for action are enjoyed to-day by thousands throughout Australia by simply taking four drops of FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE in a glass of warm or cold water every morning. The cost is nominal—a few pence per week.

It overcomes nervous fatigue, supplies substances required for the normal condition of the nervous system, and builds fitness by helping nature to restore wastage and relieve strain.

FISHER'S PHOSPHERINE contains no strychnine or injurious drugs.

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Pink Spice

Fashion's Newest Glamour Colour...

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Here, is Fashion's newest lipstick colour... a satin-soft, natural pink... created by Michel. At the world's most fashionable gatherings Pink Spice is now on every lovely lip. Ask for Pink Spice by Michel... exclusive colour creation with a rare perfume, delicious and lingering.

"STAYS ON LONGER"



AMAPOLA • DIONDE • CHERRY • CYCLAMEN • MARIPOSA
RASPBERRY • SCARLET • VIVID • PINK SPICE

Please start sending your entries straight away. This will facilitate the work of selection and judging

**THERE'S MORE TO
THIS than
meets the
eye....**



Suppose you had to choose between fine new curtains for the lounge and a Life Assurance policy—which would you take? Beauty for the home and comfort for the present, or protection for a future that seems a long way off. Would you weigh the pros and cons and admit that, "There's more to this than meets the eye"?

For Life Assurance is the one institution which makes systematic saving easy. It is the one institution which provides full benefits in the event of early death. No system of individual saving and investment can hope to give such complete protection, no matter how carefully it is followed.

But that is only part of the story. Life Assurance not only protects you all through life, it makes money for you. These profits are added to the sum for which your husband is assured and are known as "bonuses". They are additions which increase the value of his policy from year to year... they are the material "plus" in his policy.

And even that is not the whole story. The savings your husband puts aside must be invested to bring you all the benefits which only Life Assurance can offer. And these savings are constructively used for the betterment of Australia. They are an active stimulus to transport and home building, to road making and bridge building, to primary production and secondary industry. That is why...

THREE MILLION POLICYHOLDERS... SEVEN AND A HALF MILLION AUSTRALIANS... BENEFIT BY

LIFE ASSURANCE

ISSUED BY THE LEADING LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES IN AUSTRALIA

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 5

SUSAN left her hat and bag on a chair, then went over and opened the door. The long, narrow passage which led to the front of the house turned twice, halfway along, probably around the stairway, and then went on.

Owing to this she could not see the front hall, but there was the distant sound of voices.

Crossing the hall, she opened the library door, closed it quickly behind her, and went at once to the huge desk. A telephone stood upon it.

She picked up the instrument and turned.

A man, sitting at ease in an armchair, lifted his eyebrows and smiled at her.

"Oh, there you are!" he said. "I was waiting for you."

"Er—right!" observed Susan with great presence of mind, and put down the telephone.

He was a smallish man of about fifty, slender and elegantly dressed. He was nearly bald, with an oddly flat and shining head, and he wore gold-rimmed glasses. His features were small and neat, and his smile revealed shining and regular white teeth.

"I've come to see the necklace," he said. "I didn't mean to startle you. But I observed police in front of the house, so I came through the back entrance."

One ringed, small hand gestured towards screened french windows at the end of the room.

"No one seemed to be watching. Needless to say, I don't want to attract attention. It's one of my little phobias to avoid publicity. As perhaps you know."

He laughed nervously while Susan sat down in the desk chair.

"You are Mr. Luerson?" she asked. It was a wild guess, and she was genuinely surprised when he nodded briskly.

"Yes, of course," he said. "And if you'll hand over the necklace at once I'll take a look at it. That is, if Mr. Shepley isn't here."

"Why, no," replied Susan. "No, he isn't."

"I do want to see him," the visitor said, watching her from behind those gold-rimmed glasses with what struck Susan all at once as uncommonly bright and knowing eyes.

"I'm afraid you can't," she said.

"You see, Mr. Shepley is dead."

He didn't say anything. Only the smile faded, itself rather rigidly on his small face. His eyes became completely unfathomable.

Susan quite definitely wished herself elsewhere.

"That's why the police are here?" the visitor inquired.

She nodded.

"Dead, eh?" Mr. Luerson rose.

"Exactly why are the police here? Was it an accident?"

"In a way," Susan said. She measured the distance to the door. Susan was brave only at rare and fleeting moments.

"Give me the necklace," Luerson snapped suddenly. He crossed, mincingly, yet with an air of definite purpose, to the desk and leaned on it.

"Give me the necklace at once."

"I don't know what you mean. I think there's been a mistake."

"You'll find it is definitely a mistake if you don't give them to me at once. My agreement with Shepley was only a gentleman's agreement. Nothing written. I don't intend to let these jewels get entangled in his estate. Come now, Miss Michella!"

"I'm not Miss Michella," Susan said. "And Albert Shepley was killed to-night."

She didn't hear the voices in the hall. But Luerson heard them, for he stiffened, cast a quick glance over his shoulder, and started towards the french windows.

"Oh, stop—oh, wait!" Susan cried, and just then the door opened.

Lieutenant Murphy came in with Jane and another policeman.

"Hi, there!" Lieutenant Murphy shouted. "Stop! Who are you?"

Luerson turned on his heel, his face rather pale, his eyes angry. He shot one bright, ugly look at Susan and adjusted his tie.

"Officer, what is all this?" he said. "I'm Reginald Luerson. I came here to see Mr. Shepley and this girl tells me he's dead."

"Luerson?" said Murphy. "Good.

Sit down, will you? Now then, where's the safe. Oh, I see. Will you open it please, Miss Michella?"

"But my good man, I insist. Perhaps you don't know who I am. Here's my card. I'm Reginald Luerson, of the —"

"Sit down," Lieutenant Murphy ordered, apparently failing to notice the little bit of pasteboard and the green bill which magically appeared, folded, below it, and which Susan could see from her position at the desk.

The other policeman moved over to Luerson's elbow. Luerson glowered at him and finally sat down.

"We didn't expect you until tomorrow, Mr. Luerson," Jane said slowly.

"I caught an earlier plane," he said shortly.

Jane's plain, moist-looking face turned to Lieutenant Murphy.

"There's no question of Mr. Luerson's being involved in this," she said. "Occasionally he gives Mr. Shepley an order to buy something. That's his only connection. He didn't murder Mr. Shepley, if he was murdered, which I doubt. He couldn't have done it. He just arrived. There's no need to keep him here."

"I'll be judge of that," Lieutenant Murphy retorted.

Jane looked stubborn but patient.

"Really, Lieutenant, you're making a mistake. Mr. Luerson can have no connection with any murder."

Luerson nodded mechanically. Then suddenly he caught the implications of her words, for he shot up out of his chair again.

"Murder!" he cried. "What are you talking about? You're not trying to make me believe Shepley's been murdered?" He stared at them and whirled to Susan. "She said it was an accident."

"Mr. Luerson, this will all be straightened out, I assure you," Jane said with her usual air of efficiency. "If you would be so good as to give the police an alibi, I'm sure they'll let you go without troubling you."

LUERSON cried

wildly. "But I have no alibi. I got a seat on an earlier plane than I had intended to take, yes. I went to a hotel and took a long nap. I came out here to see Shepley. I noticed police cars in front of the house and assumed there'd been a traffic accident or something of the kind. Nothing serious."

He looked entreatingly at Murphy.

"I dismissed my taxi, walked around and found the back entrance, saw these french windows open and walked in. That's all. I have no alibi. But if he was murdered, I had nothing to do with it. No motive. Not a thing. You can't hold me here and I don't intend to stay."

"Now, now!" Murphy said soothingly. "What was your business with Shepley?"

"Mr. Shepley made purchases now and then for Mr. Luerson," Jane said again. "He is a client."

Luerson waited till she had finished. "That's right, Lieutenant. Now can I go?"

"You were, in other words, a buyer," Susan said. She didn't really mean to speak. The instant attention her small voice induced on the part of all the people in the room was disconcerting. She smoothed back her hair nervously. Lieutenant Murphy's blue eyes narrowed a little.

"Buyer," Lieutenant Murphy thoughtfully repeated. "You're acquainted with Carter Stone, Mr. Luerson?"

"Carter Stone? Oh, yes, to be sure! The secretary fellow who travelled with Shepley."

"I see. What exactly are you buying now? Any particular jewels?"

"That has nothing to do with Mr. Shepley's death," Jane snapped indignantly. "One of the conditions of Mr. Luerson's business is no publicity about the things he buys. Naturally, if he spends a lot of money for something, he doesn't want the papers to get hold of it."

"Emeralds," Susan said.

"Please turn to page 23

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ANACIN
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The action of Quinine in Anacin makes it entirely different from any similar pain treatment. Quinine combines with Phenacetin and Caffeine to sustain and fortify the effects of Aspirin whilst doing away with undesirable after-effects.

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**Oh! my
sore chest!**
For the relief of
Chest Colds,
Chills, Pleurisy,
Pneumonia,
always use
**WAWN'S
WONDER
WOOL**

**WAKE UP YOUR
LIVER BILE—**

Without Colomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those ten pounds of bile working and make you feel up and up. Harmless, gentle, yet acting in keeping you fit.

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TEENA



By
HILDA TERRY
Evicted



A GAIN Susan's remark was almost involuntary. Again she was rather taken aback when it hit the mark. For Luerson's face darkened.

"I don't know who this woman is or how she knows about it, but that's right," he cried. "It was emeralds and I've paid for them. Enough stones for a necklace. I don't want them to be entangled in Shepley's estate. I want the jewels."

"Perhaps I'd better open the safe," Lieutenant Murphy said in a dull and rather remote way. "I didn't tell you about the emeralds because of Mr. Luerson's desire to keep it secret. Do you want to see them?"

"I tell you I want them now," Luerson said savagely.

Lieutenant Murphy, still regarding Susan a little narrowly, said, "All right, Miss Michells. Open the safe. Show Luerson the emeralds."

He came over to stand near Susan. Jane went quickly to the safe, her unattractive, unbecoming dress hanging from her like a sack. Bending over the two dials, she opened the safe.

But the emeralds aren't here, Susan thought. They had never been in that safe but in the other one. And Carter Stone had taken them away.

She started to speak, remembered Steven's grim little phrase, "Miss Dare in danger," and stopped. Better tell the lieutenant what she knew privately. It would be a great deal safer.

Jane began to take out little rolls

Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 22

of flannel from the safe and open them on the desk. A few diamonds. A few moonstones. Two star sapphires, possibly good, but not fine. So far as Susan could discover there was nothing in the safe of any great value. Certainly not sufficient value to be the motive of murder.

Poison. They called poison a woman's weapon, didn't they? She remembered the curiously earnest thing Camilla had said. And in spite of the heat, she shivered a little. Where was Steven?

It was about then that Jane said the emeralds were gone. She said positively that they had been stolen. And she looked at Susan.

"Only Mr. Shepley could have removed them. If so, he took them when he went to meet Miss Dare," Jane said, in a remote and business-like way. "If he did not take them then the safe has been robbed. If he did take them obviously Miss Dare must know something about them."

Susan gasped. "That isn't true. He didn't have any emeralds."

"Of course, it might have been the taxi-driver," Jane said. "Obviously one of the two must have taken the emeralds. Or both of them."

Susan got up, "I didn't take them! But I know who did! Carter Stone has the emeralds. They were in another safe. A small safe in the room across the hall. He and Mrs.

Shepley came in only a few moments ago. They didn't see me. He asked Mrs. Shepley to open the safe and he took the emeralds. He told her to trust him and that it was important."

There was a silence. Lieutenant Murphy's eyes were narrow and watchful, his broad pink face perfectly bland and kind. Luerson was rigid and apparently speechless with shock and anger.

"Well, now, Miss Dare, when did this happen?" Lieutenant Murphy asked.

"When you left me in the room across the hall."

He put up his wide pink hand. "Wait a minute, please," he said and went away.

No one said anything while he was gone. The policeman had his hand rather suggestively poised at his revolver. Jane turned and began methodically to roll moonstones in folds of chamomile-like flannel while Luerson sat taut and motionless, only his eyes alive and bright.

After a few minutes Murphy returned, his face grim. Susan didn't like the way he looked at her. She didn't like what he said, either. For he came to her and sat down on one corner of the desk.

"Miss Dare, you're sure all that happened?"

"Certainly."

Please turn to page 30

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Family of wicker-workers



MOSES BASKET for carrying baby being made by Mr. Emil Gottliebssen, who has retired but at busy times helps one of his sons, Norman.



WICKER from China is background for Lance Gottliebssen, member of the Sydney firm.



HAT of wicker by Gottliebssen family is big and shady. It has round, head-hugging crown.



GROUP shows Norman Gottliebssen (centre) and, from left, Allan Stewart, Ron Johnson, Dick Robinson, Raoul Roney at Norman's Shopping Basket Manufacturers in Melbourne.

THE Gottliebssen family has been making wicker articles in Australia since 1870, and its latest venture is into the millinery field, as wicker hats, for beach and morning wear, are already established favorites abroad. Founder of the firm, Theodore Gottliebssen, designed 1625 wicker articles, ranging from a pony cart to a candlestick; but he never thought of using his age-old craft to make women's hats.

He handed on his immense knowledge of wicker to his son, Emil, who is now 70 years old, and has retired, but at busy times helps his son Norman in his Melbourne workshop.

Another son, Lance, works in the Sydney workshop of Gold Medal Wicker Works, and his son and daughter, who are still at school, are already trained in the craft.



ANOTHER hat by the firm is trimmed with dress fabric, a smart and attractive idea.



"Be Lovelier Tonight!"

*"It's wonderful the way active
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The close-up camera brings you all the loveliness of Anne Baxter's exquisite petal-smooth skin. Her beauty care? Pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Give your skin Anne's active lather facial. Work the luxurious lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water and splash with cold, then pat dry with a soft towel. Use pure white Lux Toilet Soap for your daily beauty bath too, and be sure of all-over glamor.

FACTS ABOUT ANNE BAXTER:

Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Chestnut
Complexion: Fair
Hobby: Collecting and cooking rare recipes
Sports: Swimming and riding
Birthday: May 7th
Beauty Care: Pure white Lux Toilet Soap



The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars

WORTH Reporting

A 27-YEAR-OLD Australian nurse, Olive White, is a senior sister in the Queen Mary.

Lloyd Clarke, of our New York office, met her recently when the liner reached New York.

Miss White, a good-looking girl with red hair and a captivating personality, is one of a family of six girls, four of whom have married doctors.

She trained at St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, and went to England a year ago.

"After I had been there a little while, I heard that the Cunard line was conducting examinations for nurses for some of its ships," she said.

"You can imagine what a thrill it was when I learned that I had been appointed to the Queen Mary."

The first person Miss White met on board was "the boss," the ship's surgeon, Dr. Joseph A. McGuire, who during the war visited Australia in the Queen Elizabeth.

"We work just as hard," said Miss White, "as sisters on general duty in a public hospital. There are four sisters in the ship, and we divide the 24 hours. There's never a slack moment."

"We have nearly 2000 people in the crew, apart from an equal number of passengers."

"The passengers provide us with no least worry. We're kept busiest with casualties. When men are handling such a vast amount of machinery there are bound to be accidents."

In her time aboard, Miss White has had only one celebrity patient—Charles Laughton.

"He was under our care for a demach ailment on one trip, and was a really wonderful patient."

Miss White said that celebrities when well were usually beyond the sphere of a sister.

"We have access in our leisure to most parts of the ship, except the promenade deck and the cocktail lounge. We generally mix with the cabin-class and tourist passengers."

"However, a couple of trips ago, Ronald Reagan, the film actor, heard there was an Australian nurse in the ship and asked Doctor if I might have lunch with him."

"He had been in the South Pacific with the U.S. forces in the war. I spent a very pleasant afternoon with him, strolling round the promenade and talking about Australia."

Brightening up travel terminals

MILLIONS of pounds are to be spent on Britain's principal sea and air ports under a new Government scheme to give foreign visitors a good first impression of the country.

Gloomy Customs sheds are to be brightened with gaily colored waiting-rooms with easy-chairs, pictures, and fresh flowers. Information bureaux will be added, so that travellers can make their inquiries in comfort.

At Southampton the work on the two great new passenger terminals is being speeded up. At the No. 1 ocean terminal, known as the "dollar" terminal, there will be 20 lifts and six new buffets, while a moving staircase will take passengers from the Atlantic liners to their trains.



"Same old Herb—always a big handshake and put on the back for everybody."



"I declare, I don't know where all the dust comes from!"

Eagles can make excellent pets

WHEN we went to Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, the other day, with a photographer who was taking a shot of a wedgetail eagle, we found ourselves standing in the cage, amid a whir and banging of wings, discussing the birds with Keeper E. Josephson.

While gently stroking the head of one eagle and explaining it was his favorite, Mr. Josephson said his greatest pet had been a beautiful bird, reckoned to be about 35 years old, which died a few months ago.

"That bird used to come up to the keeper as he entered the cage, wait for him to bend down, then fly on to his back and do a few dance steps. It was a regular procedure, which the bird insisted on each day."

Mr. Josephson has been keeper of the eagles for five years, and he says they make excellent pets as long as you get them young and have their wings clipped.

But he doesn't recommend trying to carry them about. For one thing, they are too heavy, and, for another, when they rest on your arm they dig their claws in so fiercely that although they don't break the skin they paralyse the muscles.

A FULL-TIME hairdresser and beauty expert has been appointed to a home for the aged in Bristol, England, so that elderly women may have free perms and beauty treatments.

Flowers flown to America

GLADIOLI, chrysanthemums, zinnias, and gerberas are being flown from Australia to America for exhibition at the Californian Spring Gardens Show at Oakland, San Francisco, from April 26 to May 1.

They follow a batch of 200 choice gladiolus blooms which were awarded a special ribbon and a special mention by judges at the famous Californian International Flower Show, held last month.

That exhibition was arranged by the Department of Information with the Royal Horticultural Society of Victoria and Pan-American Airways, which gave free transport.

The flowers were cut in Melbourne, flown to Sydney, unpacked and put in water, then repacked for the four-day flight to California.

They were packed in boxes with about 16 blooms to a box. Where the bottom flowers were blooming, damp, greaseproof paper was wrapped round the stems. Dry tissue-paper cushioned each stem from its neighbor, preventing the moisture from touching the flowers.

Those which had blooms in tighter bud had a small waterproof plastic bag of balloon holding water wrapped tightly round the bottom of each stem.

Disabled civilians form society

FORMATION of a Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association in New South Wales follows the success of a similar organisation in Western Australia, which, since its inception in 1945, has done some splendid co-operative work.

Founder of the Western Australian organisation, Mr. Ben Ritcher, came from Perth to advise a Sydney group interested in doing the same job.

Mr. Ritcher, who lost a leg in a motor accident 18 years ago, began the Perth society with seven other people who had been incapacitated by accident or illness. They met first at his home, now have a city office.

Now the association has 383 members. Its aims are to help members to better jobs, provide more social activities and recreation for them, and, above all, facilitate the supply of free limbs, invalid chairs, and other appliances to people who need them.

Motorised chairs have been made available for nine members, and during a recent picnic outing to Yanchep they competed in a mile race.

The Western Australian State Government has granted £500 a year for the employment of a full-time social worker who will visit members in their homes and pave the way for an occupational therapist.

"Most of the members do not need help," emphasises Mr. Ritcher. "By far the greatest number give it, but the less fortunate must be considered."

The New South Wales organisation at present has its headquarters at 93 Homer Street, Earlwood (telephone LL2292). Its membership is growing steadily, and organisers hope soon to have a room in the city to use as a headquarters.

Showman began with hoop-la stall

SMALL, bustling Mr. Vince (Pedro) Labb, with his black bomburg hat, well-shined shoes, elegant diamond tie-pin, and magnificent diamond ring, looks like nothing so much as a successful impresario.

And that is exactly what he is. An impresario of the carnival. Recently he presented the Ice Follies at Sydney's Royal Show.

Thirty-five years ago Mr. Labb began with a modest hoop-la stall. "To-day I am the proprietor of one of the biggest carnival plants in the southern hemisphere," he says.

"What I took then in shillings my interests take to-day in pounds."

In his youth Mr. Labb (we call him that for brevity, though he prefers the use of his full name) was something of a singer and violinist.

"Once I had no money to get from one carnival to another," he said. "So I sang and passed round the hat to raise my fare."

Another time, when he was financially embarrassed and wanted to get to a carnival at Ballarat, he slept on Melbourne railway station until the week-end so that he could go at concession rates.

In his day Mr. Labb has handled almost every sort of attraction, from darts-boards to miniature horses.

"This is the first show I've had that's really artistic. It was that that interested me in the first place. Games and the rest of it are all right as money-makers, but the Ice Follies has class."

Though he has never put a foot on the ice himself, Mr. Labb supervises all aspects of presentation; chooses music, decor, costumes, and lighting. He watches a show at least once a day just for the pleasure of it, and plans in the future an ice spectacle with forty skaters instead of the four used at present.

Despite the carnival empire he's built up over the years, Mr. Labb hasn't altered his methods of doing business. Asked where was his office, he replied "Here," and patted his pocket.

Dick Bentley, from London, cables ...



"Good chocolate—like good comedy—must have plenty of smoothness and SNAP—and Small's Club Chocolate has both!"

"I can well believe that the louder the snap the better the chocolate. Even after travelling 13,000 miles from Sydney to me here in London, Small's Club Chocolate broke with a good loud snap every time. That's chocolate! Yes, and that 'Not-so-sweet' flavour is a real flavour for men."

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"Still for keeps?"



"Some day I'd like a little home in the country with cows and chickens—and a little counter-fettin' machine."

It seems to me....

WHATEVER your religious convictions or lack of them, I think you must admire the motives of Father Lionel Marsden, former A.I.F. Catholic padre, who has gone to Japan to found a free school for Japanese children.

Father Marsden was a prisoner of war on the Burma-Thailand railway.

He said: "When I was there I made up my mind that I would teach a Japanese child Christian principles in return for every Australian who died."

"It is no use returning evil with evil. If Japanese children are taught to love peace at the school, it will become the most powerful memorial possible to the men who died in prisoner-of-war camps."

Ex-prisoners of war of all denominations contributed to the funds Father Marsden needed.

You may argue that the total practical effect of what Father Marsden's school can do will be little in Japan's 80,000,000 population.

You may believe that teaching Christianity to people of other religions is not necessarily desirable, and that many Christian nations still show a notable lack of true Christian virtue.

But I think you will agree that Father Marsden's action is a good action, one which illumines a world embittered and tattered by hatreds.

THE story of how an exceedingly ugly man in America was changed through plastic surgery from a criminal to a good citizen is a tribute to a humane judge.

The man, caught in a robbery, told the Court that he had turned to crime because he was so ugly that normal people didn't want to associate with him. So a plastic surgeon changed his face, and now his probation officer says he's a changed man.

The tale reminds me of how unfair I used to think it was that villains and villainesses in fairy stories were nearly always ugly, while heroes and heroines were handsome.

I had a sneaking sympathy with Cinderella's ugly sisters, who had such a thin time at the ball.

Were they ugly because they were nasty-natured, or were they nasty-natured because they were ugly?

Such speculations, if revealed to adults, sometimes brought forth the specious theory that kind thoughts and righteous living would produce beauty.

Any observant child looking round the grown-ups soon saw that this was all my eye and Betty Martin.

The American story of the ugly burglar suggests that what Cinderella's sisters needed was a visit to a plastic surgeon, or even a course of facials and a pair of permanent waves.

In which case, of course, the Prince would have brought along a couple of friends, and they all could have gone to a night-club on a treble date.

IN parts of South America, authorities issue three certificates for cafes to display, indicating their standards of hygiene.

Certificate A shows that a cafe meets all the health requirements, B is fair enough, and C means not up to standard.

The Lord Mayor of Sydney thinks this is a good idea, would like to see the system instituted.

After reading accounts of dirt in some cafes, when prosecutions are made from time to time, I think any plan to enforce hygiene is worth considering.

I suppose it's going rather too far to suggest a system of certificates referring to the quality of the cooking. That, perhaps, is something you can only discover for yourself.

Some people are astonishingly optimistic about finding out beforehand. I'd nominate as one of the most futile questions ever: "Is the fish nice?"

It's a query you often hear put to a waitress, but I've never yet heard the answer: "No, it's a mangy old piece of shark that's been in the refrigerator for months."

By



Dorothy Drain

THERE'S a regrettable plan afoot to change the name of Smiggin Holes in the Australian Alps to Sunset Valley.

The projected name, some people think, will accord better with the plans for a tourist alpine village at this place, which is on the road from the Hotel Kosciuszko to the Summit.

They claim that Smiggin Holes, or Smiggins, as it's usually known for short, is an ugly name. They think that the resemblance of the name Sunset Valley to California's Sun Valley is a happy choice.

Nonsense. Smiggin Holes is perhaps not a beautiful name. It hasn't the poetic ring of such Australian place names as Come-By-Chance, Terrible Vale, or Lonesome Creek. But it's an unforgettable name.

Imagine two enthusiastic skiers gossiping at St Moritz, and one mentions the charms of Smiggin Holes. The other won't forget it. He may even say, "By Jove, yes. Australian chap told me about it. Couldn't forget a funny name like that."

A man who knows the Alps says, incidentally, that Smiggin Holes comes from a Scottish expression meaning cattle-dick holes. In cold climates, the cattle, in search of salt, lick holes in the ground where the soil is salty.

Sunset Valley could be anywhere, will probably get confused with Sun Valley all along the line, and miss out on valuable publicity.

We've already suffered in this country from some name changes. In a mild way, I always regret the change from West Mole Island, on the Barrier Reef, to Daydream Island.

Much sadder is the fact that George Street, Sydney, once had a name which to-day could have been one of the most picturesque street names in the world—Sergeant-majors' Row.

NOMINATED as one of the biggest taradiddles ever told:

Eva Peron, wife of Argentina's President, talking to factory girls, said: "Don't think I enjoy wearing these fur coats. My position demands it. I really like any old frock."

There are a few women who don't care about clothes. If you eliminate those who can't afford good ones, so cultivate indifference, you get a very scant number indeed.

Handsome Madame Peron, with the slick, blond hat-dog, bears about as much resemblance to a clothes-hater as she does to a crocodile.

If she's miserable in mink she certainly puts a brave face on it.

AN eclipse of the moon has been televised in New York.

Here on a screen in the parlor nature and art pass by. And never a draught disturbs us; our feet are warm and dry.

Let those of a hardier vintage for reality spare a sigh. But Moonlight and Sofas will suit us, luxurious lookers cry.

HOLLYWOOD director Mervyn Le Roy, talking of coming screen beauties, says, "Nowadays gentlemen want their women to sizzle—but in a refined sort of way—like those silent film vamps, Theda Bara, Pola Negri, and Gloria Swanson."

Oh, Hattie is a hotcha girl, but nevertheless genteel. Wherever she goes she manages the party's show to steal. She's lush, but yet a lady; she's always dined and wined. Because, although she sizzles, she contrives to be refined. She never forgets her Emily Post.

She's got the boys parked right on toast. And many a girle envies her, she's eternally feted and dated.

Because, although she's fiery, she's securely insulated.

I've tried them all... but from now on it's

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TALL SHIPS STILL STEAL YOUNG

American boy gets job he'd dreamed about in wheat race windjammer

By FRED A. YOUNG,
of our Adelaide staff

Windjammers Pamir and Passat, now loading wheat at Port Victoria, in Spencer's Gulf, S.A., will, this year, be the only starters in the wheat race to England.

With the entrants reduced to two, there has been even more competition than usual among adventurous young people for the few jobs as crew on the outgoing sailers.

AMONG these is 22-year-old American University student Bill Stark, whom I saw first on the night Captain Hagerstrand, of Passat, promised him a place in his ship.

Later, following a melee at Port Victoria, after which three members of the crew of Pamir were gaoled, Bill was offered a job on Pamir, which sails earlier than Passat.

Bill had hurried all the way from Zurich, in Switzerland, where he first dumped a history course as an exchange student from Dartmouth University, New Hampshire, to come to Port Victoria, to make his own bit of history on a windjammer.

He hitch-hiked from Zurich to Rome, and with the money his father had given him for his University needs he bought plane tickets to Australia.

The route was a roundabout one, and the plane small, uncomfortable, and tightly packed.

With his mind set like a compass on Port Victoria, South Australia, 34.26 S. 137.30 E., even sound of gunfire round Saigon hardly registered.

The course was from Rome to Cyprus. He came on to Karachi,

Delhi, Calcutta, Saigon, Darwin, Cloncurry, to Sydney, and arrived with 43 dollars, with part of which he took plane to Adelaide.

But Pamir already had a complete crew . . . a lot of husky New Zealanders who didn't show signs of getting sick and cancelling, to give him a break.

Passat was due at any moment from England, under the command of Captain Hagerstrand, so Bill kept his fingers crossed.

On Captain Hagerstrand's first night ashore Bill also came in from Pamir, in which he had a long-shoreman's job, and which was anchored six miles out on the ballast grounds.

"I'd like to work on your ship, sir," he pleaded. "I'm kinda mad to go on a sailing ship, and I've come a long way, sir. I've had a lot of experience, and I'm kinda keen, sir . . ."

Adventurous life

BILL'S experience . . . At 16 he got a job as mess-boy on a coal ship on the Great Lakes for the long summer vacation.

The following year he went to Alaska on a fishing boat for three and a half months. That was during the war, and "it was hard for them to get men," he says. Pay was 220 dollars a month for that job of work.

Next year he went into the Navy as a cadet naval aviator for one and a half years.

After the war he went to Dartmouth University, New Hampshire, and in the first summer vacation got a job on a Swedish freighter.

In Sweden he jumped ship and toured on foot without passport endorsement.

"Yar, I was lucky. I do get some breaks," says Bill.

He found his way to Gothenburg, and there boarded the Liberty ship Booker T. Washington with a negro crew of 30 and a few whites, which took him home.

It was after his return from Sweden that young Stark first got the windjammer bug. He wrote several times to Ericksons, the famous Baltic windjammer owners, but got no replies.

At Zurich he heard that two wind-

jamers were coming to Australia to load wheat.

He wrote to the London agents, and got a discouraging reply, reading in part: "Passat is now bound in ballast to Australia. Pamir and Passat are both fully manned, and we are of the opinion that it would be only a waste of time and money for you to think of proceeding to Australia to get aboard either vessel."

"But listen to me telling you all this . . ." Bill said as I made notes. "People can't be interested in me, just doing a kinda crazy thing like this."

Bill is fair, with blue eyes, good teeth, a well-set-up shock of straight hair showing the American crew cut, good strong underpinning, handsome in a way, and oozing confidence and personality.

When I met him he was wearing khaki shorts and a dark green hooded ski jacket. It was embroidered across the back in white with the name of his University, Dartmouth, and had been worn in the Austrian Tyrol.

Soon after he boarded Pamir to work in the hold he gave life aboard a windjammer a bit of a test by going to the top of the mainmast.

"To say I was one scared person is a masterpiece of understatement," he says. "It made me worried to think I'd come all this way to get scared like this."

He was reassured by an older hand that everyone gets that queer feeling at first.

Bill's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stark. His father is a candy manufacturer in Wisconsin, with a business in Milwaukee.

They have a lovely home 30 miles west, on the shore of a large lake.

"I would not trade the place where I live for any place I've ever seen," Bill says.

At first he was anxious in case his parents would be vexed at his adventure, but a cable to Sydney to friends who'd passed the news on to them—"Thank you. Tell Bill everything's okay"—cheered him up a lot.

Dartmouth University, in New Hampshire, where Bill is doing a Liberal Arts course, is 1000 miles from his home.

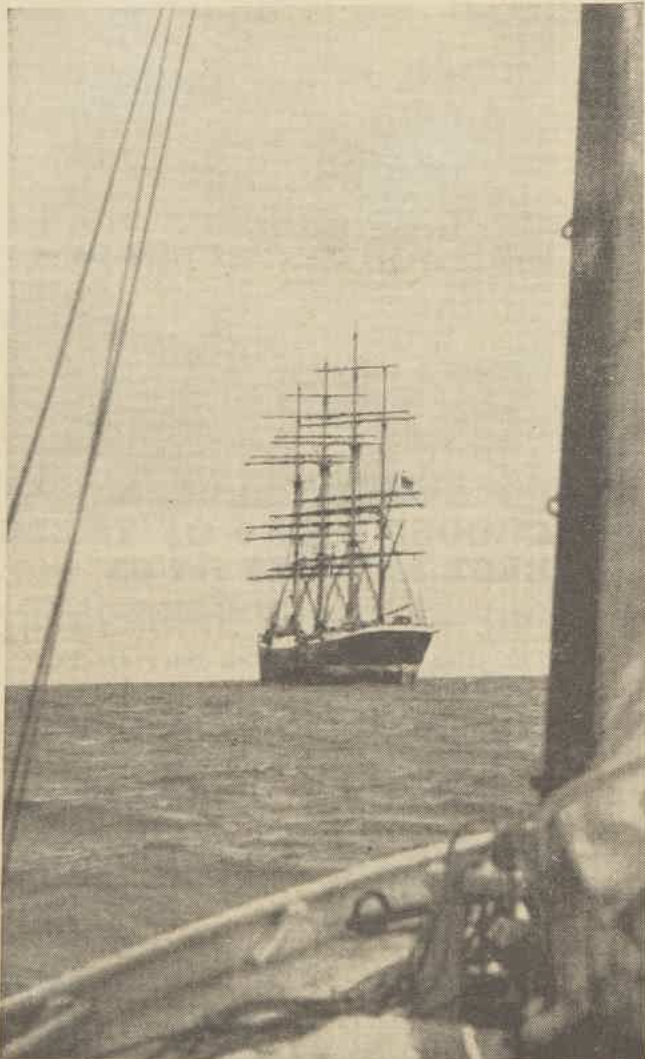
"Life is good there. Our school is situated out in the woods and has 1000 students," he said.

He has still about a year to go to complete his degree, and then he expects to go into his father's business.

He's doing his university course under the G.I.'s Bill of Rights.



SERVING fish and chips to windjammer crew, Bill smiles happily as he reflects on his good luck in landing a windjammer job for the wheat race to England.



LAST TWO WINDJAMMERS afloat. Passat and Pamir, are anchored a mile from each other, on the ballast grounds, outside Port Victoria, South Australia. This picture of Passat was taken from Pamir.



MASTER OF PASSAT, Captain Hagerstrand, who will make his 30th voyage round the Horn in this year's wheat race to England. He offered American student Bill Stark a place in his crew.



EXERCISE AND THE LURE mess-girl Anne Stanley draws an attractive, fresh-complexioned crew, she



TWO SOUTH AUSTRALIAN LADS in crew of *Passat*, Bob Rimmer and Charlie Burns, with Anne Stanley, demonstrate how to feel at home in the rigging of the sailing ship *Passat*.

Girl university student makes voyage in sailing-ship crew

A University student who has answered the call of the sea, windjammer way, is fresh-complexioned brunette Anne Stanley, of London University; home address, Wokingham, Berkshire.

She made her seafaring debut as a mess-girl on the sailing ship *Passat*, signing on for the trip to Australia.

WHEN interviewed in Adelaide Anne said she has dreamed of sailing ships for many years, and has found most of her expectations fulfilled.

"It's most exhilarating," she says, "to be on deck in a fair breeze with the sails at the full. I should say a square-rigger in full sail is hard to beat."

Strangely enough, this wonderful sight did not fill her with a lyrical urge to write sea poetry. She was surprised, she said, to find that it made her thoughts fly back to England, although not nostalgically.

"It's spring there now," or "the primroses are coming out," she'd find herself thinking.

Anne was disillusioned about the salty tang . . . it just wasn't there. The atmosphere was surprisingly dry and took all the curl out of her hair.

Anne's duties aboard include cleaning the captain's and passenger's cabins, setting their meal tables, waiting at table, clearing away, and washing up.

On this trip there was only one passenger, Miss Betty Northmore, of Ulooloo Station, via Hallett, S.A., a veteran windjammer traveller, who had been to England in *Passat*. Ten years ago, also, she had gone to England in the same ship and then across to the Argentine on a three-masted barque, *Killoran*.

One of the first things Anne had to learn was to whistle . . .

whistling brings bad luck to the ship.

But if horses come into the conversation there will be plenty of wind.

"One Saturday night after the skipper had been talking about horses it blew and blew. I'll never forget it," Anne told me.

She was hurt when the captain pushed his charts into a drawer whenever she found him working with them.

Then she discovered it was bad luck for any member of the crew to see them.

It's bad luck for sailing ships to start a voyage on Friday. *Passat* by-passed that one by sailing on Saturday.

Women were openly referred to as "Jonahs" in the ship, and if anything went wrong their presence was blamed.

They heard so much about being "Jonahs" that the two women read the whole book in the Bible.

If you saw sails it will bring calm weather, so Captain Hagerstrand doesn't encourage it.

Passat's ghost

IN the Roaring Forties albatrosses would come and walk the deck occasionally. In sea lore the albatross is the reincarnation of a drowned sailor, and disaster will follow injury to one.

But, as the captain says, albatrosses aren't superstitious about sailors and don't mind hurting them.

Passat has its own ghost, naturally that of a seafaring man. In life he was a drunken sailor who was done to death, and tradition had it he had once owned Anne's cabin.

With a "believe-it-or-not look"



AT WHEEL OF *PASSAT*. Passenger Betty Northmore, of Ulooloo Station, via Hallett, S.A., who made the round trip to England in the ship, and English mess-girl Anne Stanley on board the sailing ship.

the captain said he'd seen him, but the story doesn't scare Anne, although the visitant is said to scream as he walks.

Coming through the Roaring Forties the time passed very quickly, Anne said. There was always something to watch.

Some of the boys would catch sharks. One night the sea was full of phosphorescent bodies, and it sparkled like liquid gold.

Passat carried in its crew seven Australians—Len Foxcroft, Melbourne; Charlie Burns, Prospect, S.A.; Maurice Corigliano, Beachport, S.A.; Bob Rimmer, Walkerville, S.A.; Bob Ryan, Dulwich, S.A.; Bryan Peters, Newcastle, N.S.W.; and Bill Castle, Sydney.

Anne, who has now signed off and will spend a few months in Australia, is hitch-hiking with two of these lads to Melbourne.

The Aussie lads, the captain says, were the best workers in his crew, and Australian stocks are high with him.

Youngest member was English lad John Harrison, who celebrated his sixteenth birthday.

Other nationalities were German and Spanish. Generally there is more than enough music on a sailing ship, with a preponderance of gramophones.

This trip, however, the sole instrument was a month-organ.

The captain had a radio, but had to conserve the batteries and generally limited its use to getting the time and weather.

One of the greatest difficulties, Anne said, was for her to get enough exercise, so, although her duties did not entail shimmying up the masts, she did it to keep her weight down, and also because she was a keen photographer and wanted angle shots.

There is, of course, a ship's cat. Its name is Grallan, and she has used a couple of her nine lives leaping across a couple of yards of sea when she has almost missed the ship.

She has two kittens, Eustace and Rodita, born at Port Talbot, Wales, four days before sailing.

Passat, which took 143 days to reach England, and 100 days to return to Adelaide, has to stay out on the ballast grounds, seven miles out, until she discharges her ballast, and takes on about 700 tons of wheat, enough to keep her steady until she moves in to a mile from the jetty to complete loading.

Limitations to the cargo offering for sailing ships make it possible that the windjammers are on their last trips. Not only the young and adventurous would regret this . . . there is always something definitely sad about the closing chapters of an era.

A good picture taken from the rigging send Anne a tracery of ropes, on *Passat*. Anne is the brunette. With two other members of the crew hitch-hiking to Melbourne.

The strongest link in the chain

The most vital part of a ball-point pen is the refill. Unless you are assured of 100% service in this direction your pen cannot serve you fully.

Biro—the world's most famous ball-point pen—is obtainable throughout the Eastern Hemisphere.

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"MAGNUM" Refills 3/9 each

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THE BRITISH BALL POINT PEN

HIS STOMACH was to Silas Ruddy

A very interesting study—



He never knew just how he'd feel Within an hour of any meal. Thus it the wife should say to Si, "Do try a bit of this here pie—It's come out perfect, past all question. The very thing for your digestion!" Poor Silas would. And in a bit He'd wish he'd never heard of it. For stomach-pains would give him zip. As indigestion got a grip.

One day his Ma came on a visit. And said, "That's never, Silas, is it? Here, boy! I know the thing for you—See these nice Rennies? Just take two, And suck 'em, slowly, one by one—They'll stop the pain from coming on! They're wrapped, so keep some in your pocket."

Pool! Indigestion? You can mock it!"

Now, Silas is a mighty eater, And no one's temper could be sweeter.

End stomach upsets with two Digestive Rennies, sucked slowly, one after the other. Rennies' free-alk formula quickly, but gently, neutralises excess acid—restores normal digestion. If Rennies fail to give you speedy relief, you should see your doctor. From any chemist—separately wrapped, convenient to carry. 1/- a packet or four times the quantity for 3/6.

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relieve the pain of indigestion

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Miss Dare in Danger

Continued from page 23

FOR a long moment, Lieutenant Murphy regarded Susan, then he said: "I'd like to believe you, Miss Dare. But Mrs. Shepley has not been out of her room since she went upstairs. There is a policeman at the top of the front flight of steps and one at the top of the back stairs. Carter Stone is in the dining-room. Both Stone and Mrs. Shepley deny your story. Both policemen told me neither Stone nor Mrs. Shepley has passed either of them."

"But they were there. I heard them," Susan insisted.

"Heard them? You didn't see them, then?"

"No, I didn't. I happened to be in the window seat. Behind the curtain." She was aware of Jane's slow, intent regard when she said this.

"I didn't see them, perhaps. But they were there. I heard what they said. They addressed each other as Camilla and Carter. When," added Susan irritably, and feeling very hot and cross, "it wasn't darling. Or dearest."

Jane opened her colorless lips and closed them again. Lieutenant Murphy shook his head.

"Come, now, Miss Dare! You're not suggesting anything like that, are you? I mean, it wouldn't be right, you know, to make out that Mrs. Shepley was talking on with the young fellow Stone!"

"I'm not making out anything," Susan snapped, angry at the position she had thrust herself into. "I'm only telling you what I heard."

"But, Miss Dare, they were not in that room at the time you said," Lieutenant Murphy pointed out. "Neither of them."

"All right," Susan said. "Have it your own way. But that's what happened. She opened the safe and gave him the emeralds."

"But you didn't actually see the emeralds?" he persisted.

Susan set her lips and did not reply. Lieutenant Murphy now assumed an air of indulgent good humor which was thoroughly exasperating.

"Now, then, Miss Dare. I know you're a writer. And I know writers get notions. You oughtn't to let yourself go, though." His voice was reproachful. "It might get you into trouble, you know."

His great red hand flattened out upon the desk and Susan was aware of a strong desire to bring the inkwell down on it hard.

She supposed she was lucky that he believed her story about meeting Shepley. Or did he believe it? He appeared to be so bland, so easy that it was almost a masquerade which, now and then, overreached itself.

Luerson got up again.

"Look here," he said. "If those emeralds have been stolen we've got to find them! I paid for them, a stone at a time. There were nine stones in all. I sent the money to Shepley, including his commission, and he paid for the stones as he found them. He sent me receipts for the money, and I have his letters proving he bought the stones. But I wouldn't have trusted just anybody with such a commission. Shepley was always a man of his word."

"When did you expect delivery?"

"When he had the necklace completed. I want two more stones. They are for—" Luerson hesitated. "Never mind that. I tell you I don't wish any of this to get in the papers. The stones are too valuable. I don't want myself or my family to be a target for thieves."

"Were the stones unset?" asked Murphy, looking as bland and innocent as a pink-cheeked baby, except for that cautious underlip and his observant eyes.

"Yes," Jane said shortly.

"You find those emeralds!" Luerson shouted. "Didn't you hear me say this means a fortune?"

"Wait a minute," said Lieutenant Murphy. "There's time later for all that. Perhaps you'd better know, all of you, that I just had a telephone call from Headquarters. Shepley died of opium poisoning."

There was a sharp silence.

"That's quick work," Luerson declared at length, suspiciously. "I thought laboratory analysis took a long time."

"Not when it's opium poisoning."

Lieutenant Murphy said. "The medical examiner said it is one of the easiest poisons to detect and test for. It has particularly marked and characteristic reactions. That is to anyone who is interested in poison. The way he died and the time involved."

He gave Susan a bland look.

"You see, you were right there, Miss Dare!" He was now smiling almost benevolently. "Miss Michels, are you sure that Shepley took the emeralds with him when he left the house?"

"I tell you—" Susan began, and stopped abruptly. Jane was answering slowly and with an effect of reasonableness which was almost more than Susan could bear.

"He must have taken them," Jane said. "They were here in the safe. Now they are gone and you say Mr. Shepley was murdered. They were extremely valuable, of course, though I don't know exactly what the total was. The cost always depended upon how fine a stone Mr. Shepley bought and how good a price he could get it for."

"I suppose there was no chance of Shepley making a bad deal for any of the jewels?" Lieutenant Murphy queried.

"What do you mean?" Jane asked.

"Well, if he had, and the buyer was coming, he might have grown desperate. Had you ever seen the emeralds, Luerson?"

"Why, er, no. But I had complete confidence in Shepley."

Jane's eyes brightened behind her ugly spectacles.

"You're right, Lieutenant!" she said suddenly. "If Mr. Shepley made a mistake in his buying or spent the money for paste jewels, then he might have committed suicide when he heard Mr. Luerson was coming. Yes, I think that's it."

"But he didn't know about the pill," Susan said.

"Thanks, Miss Dare," Lieutenant Murphy said shortly. "I already have your story. But you might be interested to learn that the other two pills in the box were not poison. And the pharmacist who filled the prescription for his medicine says there's not a chance of a mistake. So it isn't likely the pill you saw Shepley take was poison."

SUSAN began absently: "I don't see why the pill wasn't poison. It takes about five or six grains to kill anybody." Then abruptly she stopped as she noted a certain tenseness in the atmosphere.

"This young lady seems rather well acquainted with poisons," Luerson remarked.

Murphy's eyes had become colder. He nodded agreement.

"Theories are all very interesting, Miss Dare," he added. "Facts are what we need."

"Well, then, have I your permission to leave?" Susan said.

"Huh? Oh, why, no, Miss Dare. That is, don't leave the house."

Susan went to the door. As she passed Luerson she caught his eyes and held them an instant in what she hoped would be a significant look. She entered the hall and closed the door and waited. And after a moment or two Luerson followed her.

"Well, well, what is it?" he snapped out impatiently.

"If you don't mind telling me, you said you had never seen the emeralds?"

"That's true—that's true."

"You know emeralds? I mean, if there had been anything wrong with them you would have been able to detect it?"

He eyed her suspiciously for a moment. Then his small shoulders lifted a little under his impeccably tailored coat.

"I'm not an expert like Shepley. But I would have known it if there was anything phony about the necklace. If I had seen it, that is. Look here, are you sure this Carter Stone took the emeralds?"

"I told exactly what I overheard," she said seriously, and risked another question. "Had you ever planned to come to see the emeralds before?"

"Well, I don't see why you ask. Yes, as a matter of fact, I did plan to once. But something happened."

Please turn to page 32

THANK YOU DOCTOR

Ford Pills made me a new woman. It's great to be free from the days of depression and pain I used to suffer every time.

FORD PILLS

THANK YOU DOCTOR

I have taken Ford Pills while feeding each of my three children. I think they are just right for Nursing Mothers. They're so gentle and dependable.

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THANK YOU DOCTOR

I was about on the edge of a nervous breakdown, but since I started on Ford Pills I feel as fit as a fiddle—never felt better in my life.

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I never lose time from work now. Those Back-aches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired.

FORD PILLS

THANK YOU DOCTOR

For indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Tr., Rheumatism & Headaches, Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all your family.

FORD PILLS

In plastic tubes, 2/6 Everywhere

FORD PILLS

"I've HAD parks"

A cry from the heart of
a flat-dwelling mother

MOTHERS of today's toddlers can be classified into two distinct social groups—those who have BACKYARDS, those who have PARKS.

Me, I have HAD parks!

So, I suspect, have the rest of my tribe—the termite mothers who disappear at sundown among the rocky crags of flats or residential, and who next day blink forth into the sunlight again on one more babe-and-stroller safari to the local park.

The dictionary defines "park" as "tract of land, stocked and preserved for hunting, with the King's authority, but not subject to any special laws."

Nothing to us mothers could be nearer the mark.

The "tract" (if you live, as I do, in King's Cross, or its equivalent in any other capital city) is a snippet of lawn, bushes, and swings fronted by a major highway—a Grand Prix course for taxis and buses; the "stock" is us mothers out

of our dignified suburban sisters—the kids working off repressions in the backyard, the leisurely progress of the morning chores to the accompaniment of Mary Ding Dong's tangled emotions in "Do I Hate My Husband?" and the rest of the radio soap operas.

No, we're strictly the outdoor type—the nomads of society, ever on the ready for the command of our young to leave the flat in chaos and pack up for the wide, open spaces.

Missy's before-breakfast mood determines whether or not we'll be all-day park suckers or whether we'll get away with just a morning session or an afternoon matinee.

From long practice I can snap-judge the day ahead by close observation of my pint-sized tyrant in her first few prowls around the flat.

If the cherubic smile stays stuck when she stubs her toe on the chair leg or Dad bumps into her in the rush to get to work, I mentally tick off "sleep for Missy in the morning, park in the afternoon."

If, however, there's a definite spirit of non-co-operation, an air of "I hate this place and I am not amused with (a) putting shoes in and out of the wardrobe, (b) playing pots and pans," it's time to pack up for a full park session.

Sometimes I can cunningly stall her off while I get the chores done ("getting the chores done" in a crowded one-room flat being something between a Fred Astaire routine skipping over and around the kid and a strong man act, heaving aside a wardrobe to clean under the bed or tossing a table and chair across the room to get to the carpet).

But not for long. By now, mother-child relations have deteriorated so shockingly only the park can mediate.

It's all! Leaving Dad to his breakfast cereal, his burnt toast, the dishes in the sink, Mary Ding Dong to her hateful existence, it's out with

the stroller, down in the lift, and rickshaw pace along the street.

(Don't ask me how mothers of more than one toddler fare—I refuse to dwell on the ghastly thought. How on earth do they exist?)

The toddler stage, according to any mother now fully qualified to apply for her park ranger's licence, is the worst of all.

Releasing the kid from the stroller, I get set with the rest of the mothers with non-sleeping calves at heel for the start of the cross-country sprints.

Pram-parking is mainly sleep for Bub, and pleasant knitting, reading, or social chatter for Mum.

The rug sessions when Bub sits plumb put at your side, gurgling at trees overhead, are tolerable.

The crawling stage in which you precede Bub on your hands and knees in an idiotic attempt to clear the whole park of leaves in order to stop her choking to death is grim—but it does help get you in trim for the fatal athletics of the toddler capers.

Few mothers in our handkerchief park realise they're in such good

PARK-WISE mothers know many hazards, not least the chance of a K.O. from a swing . . .

nick until they take their eyes off the kid for a second, and the next find him or her about to

(a) get a K.O. blow from a swing;
(b) fall off the brick stair-wall into a hedge;

(c) dash out under a passing bus.

In the midst of the picnic races many a mother stands suddenly

shock still, rooted to the spot. In anguish she scans the children, the horizons, the park hazards, then joy—she's off down the straight as she sights the wanderer.

The park any hour of the day is open house for any bright young insurance salesman eager to increase his sales quota.

He might strike a few language snags, for we're a pretty mixed bunch—Aussies, Norwegians, Hungarians, Dutch, Greek.

In the melee around the swings many a potential U.N.O. split among the kids is dissipated by the internationally approved application of

the palm of the hand to the seat of the trousers.

Under "one room—park existence, special problems" could be listed RAIN.

Mothers fall into two schools here—those who dig in and manage to resist all efforts of their young to get them outside, and those who weakly scan the skies for a break and scurry forth with stroller.

I come under the latter school, despite the fact that nothing is quite so depressing as being the sole marooned survivor in a park on a wet day.

Yesterday I spotted a fellow Cruise on my wet desert life, but I sank back into my gloom when I saw her rescue her child from a puddle and prepare for home.

"Aach!" she said as she passed me. "Ze park I haf GOT it. I tell you, I haf GOT it."

So have I.

In fact, we all haf GOT it!



By CHRISTINA ERICSON

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to graze morning and/or afternoon; and the hunt is the mothers doing a Fanny Blankers-Koen across crowded lawns after danger-dumb toddlers.

Not for us flaties and one-roomers the planned, efficient day

"AND STILL THEY COME!"

A stream of letters from happy VELVET SOAP users" says Aunt Jenny

Here are 3 more Velvet experiences sent to Aunt Jenny from Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania by folks who have proved that Velvet makes clothes last longer.



"Mum has had this towel for 18 years," writes Joy Laube, of William Street, Mount Gambier. "As well, she has sheets 10 years old and in constant use. When I keep house for Mum, I'm very thankful for Velvet Soap." Yes, ladies, Velvet's extra gentle care certainly saves time—AND keeps fabrics like new for years.



"They're really enthusiastic about Velvet," says Aunt Jenny.

"And here's why Velvet Soap makes clothes last longer, stay stronger."



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out, because they've been hard-rubbed with soaps which give an inferior lather. And look at that dirt still ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SUDS—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind!

"My 39-year-old supper cloth is as good as the day I received it, thanks to Velvet Soap," declares Mrs. G. M. Stewart, of 404 Skippon Street, Ballarat, Vic. "I also have two lovely linen tablecloths 37 years old. I've always washed them with Velvet Soap and thank Velvet's suds for their lasting wear and good colour. I certainly owe a lot to our good friend Velvet."



"I have worn this white frock for ten summers now," writes Mrs. I. Pullen, of 39 Barrack St., Hobart. "And I have used Velvet Soap as long as I can remember. I also have a silk kimono 18 years old and another silk frock which I have worn for 12 or 13 years. Velvet Soap has truly proved a boon to me."



Wash in every morning
Mon. to Thurs.
"Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"

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Tubular Steel handles, removable by hand pressure, give rigidity and perfect control.

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"I was very run down, had no energy... lost sleep and appetite. Since taking Bidomak I have picked up my strength... sleep and eat better; in fact, in general feel 100% better in every way."
(Signed) Mrs. C.L.F., Bealey.

Now thousands of people, run-down and tired out like Mrs. C.L.F., have said goodbye to tired feeling and nervous crankiness. For with scientific, easy-to-take Bidomak they have gained new energy and strength—in just a few weeks. The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that many people are nervy and jittery—tired out and sleepless, with no appetite—only because they don't get enough minerals from their daily food. But you can now get the vital minerals your system needs in pleasant-to-take Bidomak. With Bidomak,

thousands of men, women and children have gained new energy and natural attractiveness, put colour in their cheeks, strengthened their nerves, built up their muscular strength, found work no longer a burden, play more fun—thanks to Bidomak.

Benefit guaranteed or Money Back!
Try pleasant-to-take Bidomak for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, more vital, alive, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, your money is refunded on return of the neatly-emptied bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney.

Bidomak provides these extra minerals from Manganese and Copper for the blood—Calcium to aid the teeth, blood, bones and nerves—Phosphorus to sharpen the brain and purify the blood—Potassium and Sodium for human energy and a healthy bloodstream.

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FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING

LOWERING her voice, Susan said: "It was over a year ago that you planned to come here, wasn't it?"

Lueron thought hard a moment, then nodded.

"Sure, now that I come to think of it."

"In April that was—the last of April? There was a fog, and you had intended to fly to Chicago, but owing to the fog all aeroplanes were grounded."

He was frowning suspiciously.

"That's quite true," he admitted. "Too much time was involved, so I had to give up my projected trip. If I had come by train I couldn't have got back in time to catch a boat I had arranged to take to London. Exactly how did you know all this?"

The little feeling of elation that had shot along Susan's nerves when he gave the right answers subsided as quickly as it had come.

"The trouble is that's all I know," she said. "Except what of Mason? Somebody by the name of Mason? Do you know anyone by that name associated in any way with Albert Shepley?"

"Mason?" He thought and shook his head. "No."

"Thank you. I had no right to ask of course."

"Well, then, what's it to you? Why did you ask?"

"Because I am in the unfortunate position of the innocent bystander," Susan said morosely.

She turned and went down the corridor, leaving him standing there. She opened a door to a washroom and then a door which opened upon steps going down. A dim globe was burning below somewhere, lighting up the steps and the basement passage. She went down closing the door behind her.

The policeman, so far as she could tell, had not penetrated to the basement. The kitchen passage was empty and went back parallel to the stairs. It was concrete, and a little damp.

She found the kitchen. It was lighted, and the Burmese servant was sitting on a high stool, his small feet tucked under him, his yellow face thoughtful.

"Miss!" he said when he saw her, and sprang to his feet.

It was hot and humid in the kitchen, but quiet. The heat upstairs, and the violence of her desire to see Lieutenant Murphy boiled in oil, had left Susan a little limp. She took the stool the Burmese so obligingly vacated.

"Do you suppose you could find me something cool to drink?"

"Yes, miss." His alighted, dark eyes regarded her shily. "Beer?" he hazarded. "Milk?"

"Water," Susan said austere.

"What's your name, please?"

"John," he replied, and went to the refrigerator.

Susan regarded him speculatively. He was a small man, well articulated, with the impassive face of his race. Ice tinkled in the glass. He filled it with water and set it down on a table, and she was hard put to it not to snatch it before he pattered back with a small silver tray on which, calmly but firmly, he presented the glass.

"Thank you."

He bowed smoothly.

"John, what's your other name?"

"John Leo."

Not Mason, then. She drank thirstily.

"Is there a chauffeur?"

His bright black eyes showed no curiosity at her questions. "No, Miss," he said. "There's only me and a cook. She comes in by the day."

"Do you know Mason? I mean, of the people who come to the house, is there a man whose name is Mason?"

"Mason?" It was impossible to tell whether the bright gleam in his eyes was one of knowledge or merely of interest. "No, Miss."

She put down the glass of water. Mason, by his very elusiveness, was beginning to take on the color of a first-class suspect. But then there were so few suspects. There were so few people obviously who knew about the emeralds. There were so few who could have had access to Shepley's medicine.

She remembered that look of perplexity in Shepley's face. She tried to remember the way he had opened the box and examined the remain-

Miss Dare in Danger

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ing pills. She wanted to test every detail which had given her the impression she still so strongly held—that whatever he had taken had been in some way different from what he expected it to be.

And the deliberate recollection confirmed her feeling that only by means of the pill could he have been poisoned.

She herself had eaten, at dinner, the same dishes he had eaten. She ran over those items in her mind. There'd been mutton, salmon and mayonnaise, cold turkey, iced coffee.

No one had approached them during their short dinner except the waiter. It wasn't at all likely that Shepley had been poisoned by a waiter of the Union League Club.

The time also had to be considered. He had died within thirty minutes of the time when he had swallowed the pill. There had been no other way for him to take poison. They had walked from the dining-room directly to the elevator and thence to the street and a taxi.

Besides, if the other two pills remaining in the box were harmless, it did not necessarily mean that the pill he had taken was not poison. It meant only that time was a consideration.

Swiftly Susan considered various possibilities. Somewhere, there must be an answer to these questions.

JOHAN LEO had quietly withdrawn himself to the other end of the room. He was now leaning against a table, looking inscrutably into space. Susan turned towards him.

"John, you know the pills Mr. Shepley took?"

"Yes, Miss."

"How often did he take them?"

"Four times a day. One at each meal and one at night." Leo waited with an air of respect which was put on so easily, like a cloak, over inner reserve that it was almost disrespect. He added rather too casually, "He never carried more than a day's supply with him."

"A day's supply? That would be four tablets?"

"Yes, Miss. He took them every morning after breakfast from the large box the drugstore supplied."

"Oh," Susan said, and thought that over while John withdrew again into silence.

That meant, then, if Shepley placed four pills in the small box before noon, it was practically certain that he would have taken all four pills by, say, breakfast the following morning.

Then, if time were a consideration, it was necessary for him to die before, say, ten the next morning. Any time before that. And he had happened to take the pill that was poison at dinner-time.

Two conditions were imperative if this was to be accomplished. First, the poison had to be procured, itself no easy matter, and the pill that contained it had to resemble, nearly enough to deceive, the other pills in the box. It would be difficult to deceive a man who was a jewel expert. Susan frowned over that.

But, given those two conditions, it would have been simple for anyone in the house to find an opportunity to remove one of those pills and substitute the poison.

Well, she amended it, not simple, perhaps, but possible. Shepley kept the box in his coat pocket. It was not weather. He might have removed the coat for lounging, for writing—yes, there were a dozen ways to accomplish what she felt sure had been accomplished.

For anyone in the house, that is. Not for Lueron. Not for the mysterious Mason.

Lueron's whole story had sounded true, had sounded convincing at every point. He had said a great deal about his wish to avoid publicity, and a man who could afford to collect an emerald necklace like that might well wish to avoid publicity about it.

Its possession, publicised, really was an invitation to thieves, for it called attention to considerable wealth.

His lack of alibi at the time of Shepley's death meant nothing in this case an alibi itself was of no value. If Susan were right in her conviction that Shepley had been poisoned by his own hand, then alibi for the time of his death meant exactly nothing.

If Lueron had arrived in Chicago late that afternoon and had not seen Shepley at all—and that much of his story ought to be easy for the police to prove—then Lueron could not have killed him.

She drank more ice-water. There had to be a motive for murder.

Motive! Here was a large field.

She set down the glass again and considered motive.

It was almost impossible to put aside the matter of the emeralds, but she did for a moment.

Camilla Shepley certainly stood to inherit Shepley's estate. No one had mentioned that, and there might very well be a sizable sum to inherit. Lueron had paid for the emeralds, as they were purchased; and the emeralds would not be a part of Shepley's estate.

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RIVETS



SUSAN thought back to the little scene in the library which, no matter what Murphy said, she had certainly not imagined.

In spite of her easy tears—or had it been sobs and a handkerchief more than tears—Camilla was certainly rather more than eager to leap into the arms of another man. Certainly there had been some kind of emotional state between them in the past.

"It's so wonderful to know that you still love me," Camilla had said. "I didn't realise you were waiting and hoping for this."

And she had said, too, her voice quite bare and stripped of its high-pitched affection. "Would I have done what I've done if I didn't trust you?"

That, of course, might mean anything. Giving Carter Stone the emeralds, or murder.

Susan realised that the emeralds had crept into the thing again. Curious how difficult it was to keep them out!

Well, then, Camilla might have had a motive for wishing to get rid of Shepley. She might have planned to marry Carter Stone. Carter Stone might have wished to get rid of Shepley in order to marry Camilla.

There remained Jane Michells. She also lived in the house. Like Camilla, Carter Stone, and the servants, she was in a position to change the pills, and was familiar with Shepley's business and his private life.

Jane might possibly stand to inherit something, but certainly not enough to be a motive for murder. Camilla had said she was in love with Carter, and in spite of Carter's flat and, indeed, determined remarks rejecting Jane, it had seemed to Susan that that very determination implied a certain recognition of an attachment.

But affection for one man, even unrequited affection, is not in itself a motive for murdering another man. Shepley's continued living might in some way have threatened Jane's own security. Or Carter

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Stone's, for that matter, or Camilla's. But that was specious reasoning, without any cornerstone in fact to uphold it.

Certainly Jane was not the type to inspire or experience a passion so deep and so urgent that murder was the only solution to whatever problem that love presented. Her unattractiveness was almost defiant.

But suppose Jane wanted the emeralds? Certainly she had been reluctant to admit that there were emeralds. Certainly she had tried to shunt Luerson and his questions aside. Certainly she had not opened the big safe and told them that the emeralds had been stolen until after it was clear that Luerson was to remain.

Finally, she had been more than ready to suggest that Shepley had used Luerson's money, had bought no emeralds, or poor stones, and, when Luerson's arrival threatened exposure, had committed suicide.

Susan shook her head impatiently. She perceived that all lanes led to the emeralds. Emeralds which existed. Emeralds which Carter Stone had induced Camilla to take from the small safe and give to him. Had Jane, too, in spite of her assertion that they were stolen, known they were actually there?

Remove green, thought Susan. Look out.

She ought to have made Lieutenant Murphy believe her story. Yet had not his quickness in dismissing it been a little too bland? Well, whatever Murphy believed or didn't believe, she knew that Carter had the emeralds and he wanted no one to know he had them.

If the emeralds were the root of the thing, then Luerson was automatically removed from the list of suspects. Unless—suppose he had insured the emeralds, needed the money, and hired Carter Stone to steal them?

Susan considered that and decided it was unlikely. Probably Shepley had carried some sort of blanket insurance. Almost certainly Luerson

would not have been able to insure stones in Shepley's possession.

Besides, that theory would not explain Shepley's murder. And it would not explain the telegram which had said, "Buyer and Bert arrive air Tuesday. Remove green, look out."

There was a sound somewhere near. Susan stiffened involuntarily and looked, but no one came to the door. It was a small sound, not exactly a footstep, not the creak of stairs or a door upon its hinges.

In fact, it was a sound so difficult to catalogue that it was a little unnerving. Had the kitchen not been obviously empty of anyone but herself and the motionless servant, Susan would have said it came from somewhere in that room.

She looked all around the kitchen. John Leo was staring back at her with beady, shining black eyes. Susan said rather sharply, "What was that?"

John Leo's black eyes did not shift or waver. He said, "Rats. In the walls," he added, and watched her.

AFTER a moment Susan said, "So long as they stay in the walls, all right. Look here, John, how long has Miss Michells lived in the house?"

He considered that, slowly and deliberately, as he did all her questions. "She was here when I came," he said at length. "Four years ago."

"And Mr. Stone?"

"He has lived here for about a year, I think. Before that he lived in a hotel."

"What about Mr. Stone and Miss Michells?" she asked. "They're pretty good friends, aren't they?"

He smiled. "Not as good friends as Miss Jane would like," he said neatly, and shrugged a little. "He's very popular with ladies, Mr. Stone." He paused, considered. "But he wants money. He talks to me."

"Talks to you?"

"When he's tired of his job. You know. He thinks he was made for better things. He has rich tastes."

He paused again, nodded. "When he takes a wife he'll get money, too. Beauty and money, he says." He added calmly: "But he'd better look out."

"Look out?"

"Miss Jane gets what she wants," John said, his face becoming, if possible, more completely blank.

Susan risked another inquiry. "John, do you have a fairly good memory?"

He regarded her unblinkingly. "Yes, Miss."

"Mr. Shepley made trips to New York now and then, didn't he?"

"Yes, Miss. Not often."

"Buying trips?"

"I believe so, Miss."

"Alone?"

"No, Miss. As a rule Mr. Stone went with him."

"But not Miss Michells nor Mrs. Shepley?"

"No, Miss."

"John, can you remember how many trips Mr. Shepley took within the last year and a half? Especially can you remember whether or not he was on a trip to New York a year ago last April?"

"Yes, Miss. He made only four trips in the last year or so. Once, a year ago in April. Another time, last October. Once, in January, and once, in July."

"Did he go alone?"

"No. Mr. Stone went with him."

"I suppose Miss Michells remains here with Mrs. Shepley when he is gone?"

He nodded promptly. "Yes, Miss. Except last year when she took her vacation. It was in April. While Mr. Shepley was away."

"She was gone then, too?"

"Yes, Miss. Out of town. She was away the entire month."

"Oh." Suddenly it seemed to Susan that the whole point of the thing lay in the question of who sent and who was supposed to receive the code telegram. "And Mrs. Shepley was here?"

He answered again quite promptly: "Part of the time, Miss. Then she went away, too. Down to French Lick, I think."

THERE it was, Shepley, Carter Stone, Camilla, Jane—all of them away. And Luerson. Only the mysterious Mason was left, and his presence in Chicago or in any city was as problematical just then as his identity.

Any of them might have sent the telegram and signed it "Sweetheart." Any one of them might have been expected to receive it. And not one of those five names even remotely resembled her own.

A further question hung in the air, twitched at her, insisted upon being asked.

"And you were here, then, John, alone?"

"Yes, Miss," he said. "I saw to the house-cleaning while the family was away."

"Oh," said Susan, rather flatly. Well, that was that. She had made no headway whatever.

Yet Carter Stone and Camilla had certainly come downstairs, while Carter was supposed to be waiting alone in the dining-room and Camilla on the second floor in her bedroom. Susan sat quietly staring at the floor.

"John," she said suddenly. "How do you get food up to the dining-room? You can't carry it up on trays."

There was again that pause before he answered, and again in the silence there was a faint little scuffle of sound from somewhere. Rats, John Leo had said. In the walls.

Then with his eyes as fixed and bright as two beads, he answered, "Why, no, Miss. There's a dumb-waiter. Over there."

He jerked one small, yellowish hand toward the cupboards built along the opposite wall. The centre door was square and big.

Susan looked at it. "It goes straight up to the dining-room?"

"Yes, Miss."

"It stops there?" Susan asked cautiously.

"Why, no, Miss. It goes on up to the second floor. To Mr. Shepley's bedroom, to be exact. It's an old house."

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Commonsense about COMMUNISM

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SUSAN was not surprised, for she knew the kind of dumb-waiters they had built in the days when that house had been fashionable. Shafts like elevator shafts, huge boxes, big and substantial enough to carry enormous turkeys and great, nine-course meals up and down, by means of creaking ropes.

But was it big enough to carry a man? Someone had to manipulate the dumb-waiter. John Leo?

Another question nudged at her so urgently that this time it could not be put aside, and that was about Steven. Time had passed, a long time, really. Steven had told her not to get into trouble, had walked out the door of the little lounge, and she hadn't seen him since.

She glanced at her watch. It was a quarter to two. Where had he gone?

She reminded herself that she must telephone to Huldah, too. Huldah, the mainstay and self-constituted guardian of Susan's small household, was probably walking the floor in anxiety at Susan's failure to return.

Just then John Leo said quietly, "Mr. Shepley has not been quite himself, Miss, for a few days."

She said, "Not himself? Why not?"

John eyed her steadily. "He's been worried about something."

"What? Do you know?"

"Oh, yes," John said. "I know." He paused again, his black eyes bright and speculative. Susan thought suddenly, O-oh. John has a fish to fry.

He said, "Well, are you particularly interested, Miss?"

"Why, yes, of course," Susan said quickly. Too quickly. For John said, "I found some scraps of a letter. It had been burned, but not entirely. It was my duty to take the scraps to Mr. Shepley. They are put away in my room. I got them again, when Mr. Shepley had finished with them."

"I don't understand. What was the letter and why did it worry Mr. Shepley?"

John said, "I thought it might be worth something to you, Miss. If they suspect you, that is."

"Worth something?"

"Something was going on in this house, Miss," John explained. "Mrs. Shepley and Stone were too friendly. Well, Mr. Shepley wasn't sure. He watched, but that's all he could do. But something else has happened. Now he's murdered and I can give you the burned pieces of letter to

Miss Dare in Danger

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show the police. If you make it worth my while." His black eyes glinted.

"You were with him when he died. You must be in some danger yourself. I promise you that the thing I know about will point suspicion to someone else."

"John, you'll come to no good," Susan answered. "What are these scraps of paper? What was written on them, and why did Mr. Shepley watch his wife?"

Was that the warning that Shepley must have had? The warning which had already alarmed him, set him looking about, watching, inquiring in his own mind, before he read her story? He wouldn't do anything, John said. He had just watched. And he wouldn't go to a detective.

Did this half-burned letter John talked of really suggest some kind of affair between Camilla and Carter Stone? But what about the emeralds, in that case? Remove green . . . Look out. No, that had meant something to Shepley, too—enough that he was at last willing to go to a jeweller with his problem. A jeweller? There was a significance about that, too.

JOHN LEO'S voice broke in on Susan's thoughts. "Oh no, miss," he said. "That won't work. I'm a poor man. I have to make a little profit when I can."

"Look here, John. If you know what's good for you, you'll go straight to the police with what you know. If you know anything."

John smiled and said nothing. "If you don't tell them, I will. You'd better be sensible about it. I'm not going to buy your information, and they won't, either. An

soon as I tell them that you know something, they'll make you tell it. They'll search your room."

John's smile was fixed. "They won't find anything, and I'll deny what I've said to you. My word is as good as anybody's. If you don't pay me for what I know, somebody will. It's a free country."

"Not for blackmailers," Susan said succinctly.

John lifted his eyebrows and continued to smile. Footsteps came rapidly along the kitchen passage and Jane stood in the doorway.

"Oh, I didn't know you were here,"

she said to Susan, and turned to John. "They want you upstairs."

"Me?" John Leo blinked. "Why?"

"To inquire, of course. The police know that you had access to Mr. Shepley's medicine."

John Leo said in a still voice, "Is that all they know?"

"Now, listen, John," Jane said, "I didn't tell them about that time. I didn't know how they discovered it. Perhaps Mrs. Shepley told them. But it's your own fault. You can't go running around the house with a breadknife threatening anybody and not be questioned about it."

"I was drunk," John Leo said sulkily. "I didn't know what I was doing."

"Yes," Jane said. "Perhaps you were. Nobody but a fool or a drunken man would have threatened to kill Mr. Shepley because he wouldn't raise your wages. But you'll have to explain it, I fancy."

"That was a month ago," John said sulkily.

"You mean a few days ago," Jane said. "It's no use not telling the truth about it. They know. They also know that it was opium poisoning. They believe Mr. Shepley took it thinking it was his medicine. You had access to it."

There was a quality in the little silence which followed that made Susan turn uneasily to look at John. He had, quite deliberately, opened a drawer of the cupboard against which he was leaning, and his hand was moving into it.

Susan shivered. The motion of those little, yellow hands was inconceivably ominous.

Then Jane said sharply, "None of that. Leave those knives alone. Why, you fool!" She laughed shortly. "The police would have you in a second and you'd go to the electric chair."

His hands thrust the drawer backward and he straightened. His small, yellow face was still and livid.

"You'd better hurry," Jane said. "They are waiting for you."

He gave her a long look. "Very well, Miss," he said. "I'm not afraid of the police. I won't even tell them what I know—unless I have to, to clear myself."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean evidence," John said. "Something I know about. It's in my room. His eyes were bright and inscrutable."

He's going to offer it to Jane now, thought Susan.

To be concluded

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KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Roses for the Bishop

Continued from page 7

A SHAFT of sunlight broke through the window and in anticipation of a pleasant morning's outing she started to hum a tune. She lit a cigarette and settled down to study the directory, jotting the addresses down on her pad. Finally she slapped the book together and replaced it on the shelf.

She then rang on the inter-office telephone and said: "I am just leaving Mr. Pedersen. The phone is connected through to you. Good-bye."

She walked to the taxi rank at the top end of the square and was soon on her way to the first address on the list.

However, Madame Carfax was so busy, but she couldn't help her at all. She drew two more blanks and then came to the last name on the list.

She glanced at the meter and smiled as she pictured Pedersen's face. She did not mind in the least driving round Carminster in a taxi—it was better than being in the office all day.

They ran along the kerb and came to a halt outside a double-fronted shop. The sight of a huge vase of roses in the window raised her hopes. She glanced up and read the inscription over her head: "Manston and Brownlow."

Telling the driver to wait, she passed through the glass swing doors into an atmosphere heavy with perfume. A wizened little man, with his back half turned towards her, was fussing about among some flower-pots at the back of the shop, and seemed oblivious of her entry.

Then went up to him, and said: "Excuse me," to his back. Getting no response, she touched his arm, then involuntarily recoiled as he suddenly swung round, glaring at her.

"Can I speak to Mr. Manston or Mr. Brownlow," she said, when she had recovered her poise.

The man cupped his ear with his hand and said, "Eh?" Thea raised her voice and repeated the question.

"They're out," was the reply. "Perhaps you can help me," said Thea into his ear, while she fumbled in her bag for the card. "Have you seen this before?"

The little man took the piece of postcard and studied it back and front.

"Yeh, I seen it," he said. "A young feller come in the other day—wanted some roses sent to the bishop—one of they University nippers, 'e was."

"What was his name?"

"Dunno."

"What was he like?" Thea was finding the conversation hard work. "Skippy sort of bloke 'e looked—gave me this card. Seemed to 'ave a lot of money. Paid thirty bob for the roses."

Thea could get no more out of

him, so she returned to the taxi and thence back to the office.

She went straight into the inner sanctum and flopped down in the clients' chair.

"Any luck?" Pedersen asked.

Thea began: "There are four florists in town, and it had to be the fourth. Incidentally, I have some taxi fares for you—"

"Skip the sordid details," said Pedersen.

Thea then gave him an account of her morning's operations, concluding with, "So what do we do now?"

"We'll try the University, ring the principal and get an appointment for the morning."

The next morning found them following a uniformed janitor through the echoing corridors of the University. Thea felt very self-conscious under the curious stares of the students, who seemed to be hurrying in all directions.

Now and again she glimpsed through a glass door a class in progress, or a gown professor waving a baton in front of a chart.

At the door of the principal's study the janitor announced them and departed.

Dr. Parrott listened to Pedersen's story, but was not at first inclined to be helpful. However, when the

her to Pedersen, and then to the principal.

Dr. Parrott performed a general introduction, and then Pedersen handed Holt the card.

"Have you seen this card before, Mr. Holt?" he asked.

The young man gave a start and went scarlet. Thea suddenly felt sorry for him.

He hesitated for a moment, then said: "Yes, I have, sir."

Thea liked his straightforward manner.

"Can you tell me anything about it?" asked the detective.

"It is a personal matter which I would prefer not to discuss, sir," said Henry Holt.

"Between you and the bishop?"

The young man was frankly puzzled. "I don't understand, sir," he replied.

Dr. Parrott intervened. "Holt," he said, "how do you account for this card being sent to the Bishop of Carminster with a bunch of roses?"

"B-but I sent them to Miss Bishop."

They all looked at Thea.

"Who? Me?" she cried, staring wide-eyed at Henry.

Then she suddenly collapsed with laughter, the tears streaming down her face, while the others did no more than gape.

Eventually she recovered sufficiently to splutter: "Don't you see—Thea Bishop, the Bishop—the deaf man in the florist's shop. Oh, this is just too funny!"

Their attention was switched to Henry Holt, to her intense relief.

"But we still have the mystery of the clasped hands," objected the detective.

"I can explain that, sir," said Holt, hesitatingly. He turned to the principal. "My room-mate, Wang, sir. He belongs to a society. I picked the card up from the study floor, and, well, you know how it is, sir, the hands of friendship and all that sort of thing," he finished lamely.

Dr. Parrott grinned and said to Pedersen, "Are you satisfied, Mr. Pedersen?"

"I think so," replied the detective, "but I would like to check up with Wang, as a matter of routine."

He winked at the principal and suggested that he might see the Chinese outside. Dr. Parrott suppressed a smile and rose to his feet.

Pedersen said, "I'll leave you to wind up this case, Miss Bishop."

When later she returned to the office her boss noticed that her eyes were unusually bright. He marked the place in the detective novel he was reading and laid it aside.

"Well?"

"There are a few details to be settled yet," replied Thea. "We are doing it over dinner to-night."

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

detective suggested that he should get in touch with the bishop he relaxed to the extent of allowing them to examine the register.

A process of elimination and reference to various professors narrowed the search down to one "probable."

Pedersen said to the principal, "Could we see this fellow Holt?"

Dr. Parrott pressed a button, and the same janitor who showed them in returned. The principal gave him his instructions, and they settled down like a tribunal to await the appearance of Henry Holt.

When the young man entered, Thea suppressed a gasp of astonishment. With marvellous presence of mind she assumed an attitude of supercilious superiority tinged with a sense of victorious exultation, but her heart was pounding mercilessly.

Of all the hundreds of students in the University it had to be that "pest."

The youth glanced wildly from



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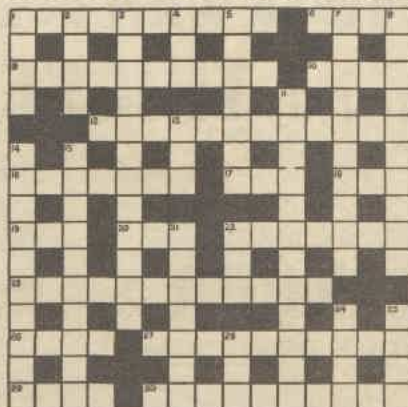
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 39

ACROSS

1. "So" has to both shuffle and hurry! (When using it) (12.)
4. I am seated back. Is this an introductory suffix? (4.)
8. Dr's a knowledgeable one, the old lodger! (10.)
15. You should always have a tropical tree on hand! (4.)
17. Rare men's back (anag.). (5, 7)
18. Upsightly. (7.)
20. Meadow cleared inside. (3.)
21. With a wife fit for a collar he makes a considerable number himself. (3.)
19. Muscular twitch. (3.)
20. What's the turnover per variety of cloth? (3.)
22. Bile one disturbed in the ship! (7.)
23. Deliberately drop down a small amount, a debt reminder, to the wily. (12.)
24. Our Navy unit leads in Persia. (4.)
27. Por carrying the patient. (10.)
29. A pitcher, as sheep are. (4.)
30. Can be estimated if the female donkey gets impatient! (10.)

DOWN

1. Specimen also set in. (4.)
2. Xmas for mixing oils. (4.)
3. A man rain but (anag.). (12.)
6. Abyssinian Prince artists. (3.)
8. See you get in the line up at the end of the street to get a cut out pattern. (7.)
10. Street-car takes me to the end but I return when bumped. (10.)
11. Biblical good fellows spoil me in Satan's surroundings. (10.)
12. Constitutionally equidistant laprons provide good exercise without walking! (8, 4.)
13. The foot Don goes and leaves Turner to open. (2.)
14. Tartar's enemy is found in a small hollow if taking an Eastern diet. (10.)
15. Lawunit by a leading writer when put in the box? (6, 4.)
21. No sir, back inside them you'll get service in time! (7.)
22. Unlike antelope. (3.)
24. Film hand will show a leg if found in the bush. (4.)
25. Giant rogue you must leave before converting. (4.)
27. Spelling honey? (3.)
28. 1/10, 2/5, and 3/4 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 39 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close May 6, prizes and solution in issue of May 23.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 38

ACROSS: 1—French Polish. 9—Moss-erger (anag. green). 10—Ends. 12—Ser-jent. 13—Bianco. 14—Deals. 16—A-wed-ruck. 18—Ran. 20—Apprehend. 22—T-ten/a. 24—Glad-den (2-lad-en). 25—Whip-pet. 26—Firm. 28—Heel knots. 30—Magi-e-lut-tern. DOWN: 1—Be-nuise/d. 3—Heel-rol. 4—Nightmare. 5—Horse. 6—O-verse. 7—In-denture. 8—User (anag.). 11—Deck. 15—Ap-pealing. 17—Wan. 18—Endowment. 20—Argo. 21—End-onic (anag. mic). 22—Thin-ket. 23—Art-is-at. 25—Noy-ma. 27—Pool.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 25.—£10 to G. F. Hughes, 67 Macleay St., North Dulbo, N.S.W. £5 to Miss R. E. Haines, 25 Castle Avenue, Prospect, S.A. £3 to Mrs. N. Morrison, 25 Grosvenor Rd., Lindfield, N.S.W.

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KF#2

IT was all
Allan's fault, Lynne decided.
Here she was faithfully try-
ing to decide between Steve and
Allan, and then Allan wouldn't co-
operate. He stood off at a distance
and calmly waited while she made
up her mind. No wonder she couldn't
sleep that night.

This had been going on for some
time. Six months ago, when she
was just nineteen, her parents had
moved to the country, and Lynne
had decided to be on her own. She
liked her job at the laboratory, and
she rented the space over the gift
shop and moved in.

At first she'd gone around with
the boys and girls she had known
at school, and, of course, Allan. Then
Steve had come on the scene, and
pretty soon he and Allan were
dividing her free time between them.

She thumped her pillow into a
firmer wall under her head, relaxed
into a restful sleeping position, and
was still more wide awake. The
main trouble was that she couldn't
decide which one she was really in
love with.

She couldn't marry Allan while she
was so definitely attracted by Steve.
And she couldn't marry Steve while
she knew perfectly well there was an
unknown quantity of emotion she
could feel about Allan, if he'd only
pull the proper electric switch.

"Marriage is more trouble than it's
worth," she said defiantly. And
added more quietly, "You're lying in
your teeth."

This brief conversation with her-
self seemed calming, and she finally
went to sleep. But she went on with
her problem the next day, and when
she saw Doris at noon she brought
the matter up.

Doris was the only person she
could talk to about such things. They
had known each other since the
days when they'd sat on the grass
in the little town park, making
miniature layer cakes out of rose
petals and sugar.

Now they sat on a bench in the
same park, but Doris was unfamiliar.
Doris was married now. It even
showed in the way she sat there;
her pointed face serene, her
shoulders relaxed, her fingers still.

"You can't decide what man you
want to marry, like picking a book
in a library," Doris objected. "You
must know if you're in love with
Allan or Steve."

"Oh—love," said Lynne largely.
"I could be in love with either of
them, that's the trouble. When
I'm with Steve, he catches me up
in a dazelement. When I'm with

Marriage is so Complicated

Continued from page 11

Allan, there's a swift run of excite-
ment, just beyond my reach."

"But you can't think it out," Doris
said, her eyebrows knotted earnestly.
"If Steve or Allan is right for
you, you'll know it. You'll know
there's only one person you could
marry."

"All mysterious again," Lynne
muttered rebelliously.
"What?"

"Nothing." Lynne stared at the
grass, with its deeper stain of green
under the trees. Everything must
seem awfully simple, after you were
married.

She stayed there on the bench for
a little while after Doris left. People
crossed the park on its slanting
paths, and spoke to her as they
passed. She felt at home there.

After a while she got up and went
back to the laboratory.

Working in a white glare of con-
centration, she closed out all the
fretting thoughts about Allan and
Steve. But that evening after dinner,
waiting for Steve to come, un-
business caught her again. There
must be a simple way to decide
about anything as important as
marriage.

STEVE whistled
under the window. Steve
came in with his light step,
and instantly Lynne felt the streaky
excitement that he always brought.
Bells, little gay bells ringing some-
where, promising fun around the
corner.

Steve caught her shoulders, whirl-
ing her around and kissing her once
on the nose and once on the mouth.
After that, it was silly to say hello.

He was laughing, the way he
did, so the corners of his eyes
and the corners of his mouth twisted
up brightly and she had to laugh
with him. His short-clipped hair
shone silver-blond under the light.

"Let's go," he said.
"Where?"

"Just go," said Steve.

He had his car parked in front of
the gift shop, with the top down.
Lynne leaned back with her head
on the cool leather.

They fled along a dark road, and
the telephone poles awayed towards
them in the headlights and swung
away behind them.

Steve swerved left, and Lynne sat
up straight.

"There's a carnival," she said.

The Ferris wheel signalled, its
lights turning slowly. An overtone
of sound spread to them, people call-
ing and laughing, and a clash of
music.

"Yes?" said Steve.
"Yes," she said.

So they stopped in the soft thick
dust of the parking lot, and followed
the others where the music never
stopped.

They got into a swinging seat of
the Ferris wheel, and started the
slow climb up.

"Let's get married," Steve said, at
the very top.

"No," said Lynne, and they
plunged down, and she caught
Steve's arm, and he laughed at her.

"That was timing," said Steve.

They rode on the merry-go-round,
and Steve said, sitting on a wooden
horse beside her: "Let's get married,
Lynne."

"No," she said.

They ate white and pink fairy-
floss. They shot rifles and they
played a complicated game with
little white balls that possessed their
own personal infamy of spinning.

Climbing up a flight of wooden
stairs, they sat in a little boat-
shaped sledge, Lynne in front of
Steve, leaning back against his
shoulder. A man pulled a lever, and
they shot down a long tunnelling
drop. Lynne lost her breath and
couldn't get it back, and they spun
round a curve.

"Marry me?" said Steve.

"No," said Lynne, and they stopped
with a bump against a padded rail.

They left the bright circle at last,
eating popcorn as they went. Steve
drove slowly now. The air had
freshened, as if there were rain be-
hind it somewhere, and there was a
smell of cool earth and leaves.

Lynne watched Steve's face in the
little glow from the dashboard.

Still looking at the road, he lifted
one hand from the wheel and
touched her hair. As if he knew
exactly where she was. "No moon,"
he said softly.

"Why do you like that, Steve?"

"Make my own moonlight, if it's
needed," he said, half laughing, half
arrogant.

His hand tightened in her hair,
and slowly she drew away. He was
too sure, and that pricked her into
swift defence. But she went on
watching his face and liking to
have him there. And she was sorry
she had moved away.

When he drew up in front of the
gift shop, however, she slipped
quickly out of the car. And she
said good-night on the footpath, and
he smiled and made no protest.

She wondered if he knew she was
suddenly afraid to have him touch
her. As if he could catch her into
a sudden dizzy loop, like the Ferris
wheel—and then she might say "yes"
before the lights stopped spinning.

"Good-night," she said again.
"I'll be around," said Steve.

She almost made up her mind,
that night. She almost decided it
was Steve.

But next morning, with a strong
sunlight coming through the win-
dow, with coffee boiling on her elec-
tric plate, some of the evening's
glamor slipped away. You didn't
spend your life on a Ferris wheel,
after you were married.

And when Allan phoned, she was
still more uncertain. Allan said
"Hello," and gladness stirred in her,
a light-hearted quick gladness. "Did
you say 'no' last night?" Allan in-
quired.

Lynne chuckled. "Don't tell me
you're curious."

"Put it this way," Allan said.
"Have I got a date with you to-
night?"

"Yes," Lynne told him. Which was
a convincing answer to his first
question, after all.

"Then that's all right," Allan said.
"Pick you up for dinner?"

He called for her at six o'clock.
He seemed very tall after Steve. Very
tall and very dark. He smiled at
her slowly, and for a moment she
couldn't look away.

Then he said, "Let's eat at the
inn," in a practical tone. And every-
thing was easy and natural again.

Dinner at the inn was calm and
colorless. Allan made quiet con-
versation. He watched her, but his
tone was impersonal. He was the
kind of man that nice girls married.
Lynne reflected. Steady and pros-
perous. Conservative. Controlled.
Predictable.

Please turn to page 37

NEW Rinso
WASHES BRIGHTER
THAN BRAND-NEW

WASHES COLOURED
BRIGHTER
THAN BRAND-NEW

WASHES WHITES
WHITER
THAN BRAND-NEW

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SUDS

It's a great sight to behold! New Rinso washes white
things whiter than brand new . . . washes coloureds
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magic in Rinso's thicker, richer suds. You'll see even
old clothes you've had for years get back new whiteness
and brightness after being washed in New Rinso. And
each time you wash them THE WHITER AND
BRIGHTER THEY GET! Ask for New Rinso to-day!
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BUY IT NOW! SEE THAT WASH BY WASH IMPROVEMENT

HALF an hour after Lynne and Allan had left the inn she wasn't sure about those last three items. In fact, she wasn't sure about anything, a condition that was becoming chronic.

Because without any comment or warning, instead of an evening at the pictures or in her living-room, Allan drove her over to the river. He stopped at a little tight building, new painted, with a shiny new padlock.

"What's this?" asked Lynne.

"Speedboat," Allan answered briefly. "I've always liked the water, you know."

"No, I didn't know," Lynne told him. "I mean, like this."

"Maybe you never asked me," Allan said.

He settled her in the boat without any further conversation, raised the water door, and then they were out on the river. It was almost dark on shore, but the water seemed to hold the light longer. The little boat cut ahead, and Lynne trailed one hand over the edge.

"Nice," she said.

"I've wanted it a long time," Allan told her. "But I didn't like to say anything till I was sure I had it."

"Why?"

He didn't answer for a moment, and she glanced at him. His dark head was turned so she couldn't see his face.

"Remember my young brother Ken? There wasn't a thing I cared about when we were little that he didn't get away from me. Because my mother backed him up and shamed me into it. And then I got smart, and didn't let him know the things I liked. I got into a habit of playing safe."

"It's a good habit, Allan."

"Not very attractive," he said dryly. "Not dramatic."

They turned and started back, with the town lights glowing faintly against the sky. Neither of them spoke, and the silence held till Lynne could feel it tautening between them.

Allan cut the motor suddenly and they lost way, drifting soundlessly. Lynne sat very still, and knew she was waiting.

He touched her arm and then his hand covered hers, lightly. Lynne felt her fingers turning slowly to lock against his. Then he was holding her, and his mouth burned steadily against her face.

Marriage is so Complicated

Continued from page 36

When she finally pulled away and spoke her voice was shaking. "You didn't—you never—"

"Yes," said Allan, his own voice changed. "You told me the other night that I never made love to you."

"But I didn't mean—" she began, and stopped in honesty.

"I'm taking you home," Allan said abruptly. She didn't answer, and he said, "You don't love me yet, do you, Lynne?"

"I—don't know," she said.

"That's why I'm taking you home," said Allan then. "Because I want you for keeps." And the phrase stirred an echo in her mind of the little boy who learned to play safe when he wanted things.

When they were in the car driving home, they sat with clear space between them, space that Lynne measured over and over, and was more conscious of than the road ahead.

With a swift shock, she realised that was how she had felt, driving home the night before with Steve. Was that the kind of girl she was, so easily stirred by two different men? Something was wrong with her, or the system of things, or maybe with love. She was half angry, half ashamed. It wasn't decent, to feel like this about both Allan and Steve.

Saying good-night in front of the gift shop, Allan turned her face to ward him briefly till he could see her eyes. "Don't worry, Lynne," he said gently. And it wasn't till he was gone that she wondered how much he knew. She had done that, too, the night before.

Even after a couple of days' hard thinking, Lynne didn't feel any clearer about Allan and Steve, and since they both phoned her frequently the next couple of days, she ended up having a date with the two of them together. They had gone out only once before, as a threesome; and that time the general mood had been strained.

This time, both men seemed to be making a fine effort toward a sporting attitude. There was a general flavor in the air of "let the best man win," and somehow this did not please Lynne. She didn't want them giving each other black eyes, but a little healthy antagonism between them might have helped her own problem.

They all sat in the front seat of Allan's car, Lynne naturally in the middle. And the two men kept up an irritating run of talk about taxes, golf, and politics.

"Don't mind me," she said once, rather crossly.

"We don't, Lynne," Steve assured her. "We don't mind you at all." He patted her hand, but in a definitely public manner.

Allan turned to give her a swift grin. "Why don't you start a nice juicy subject, Lynne?" he suggested.

And immediately, of course, her mind went blank of conversation. Except topics that would emphasise their personal situation.

"Where are we going, anyway?" she asked finally.

"Thought we'd run out to the Greenalopes Country Club and have a drink," Allan said. "And then Steve knows a good place for dinner."

IT might have been a good place for dinner, but Lynne never found out. Because it was at the club that it happened. One of those small things that carry unexpected power, like touching a familiar electric socket in your own home, and having the thing strike at you with a sudden tingling heat.

Lynne was sitting with Steve and Allan at the big walnut bar, glass in hand. She looked into the big mirror, saw her blown-about hair, and started for the powder-room to make repairs.

With her mind full of her problem, she walked through the familiar little brown door. And it wasn't till she'd pushed the door open and got well inside it that she realised she had turned left instead of right.

Green metal lockers towered around her, with white benches at their feet. And straight in front of her was a group of men, decently clothed in shorts, but obviously started to have a woman in their midst. They were playing poker, and on beyond them was a sprinkling of other men, just come in from the golf course.

Lynne stood staring at them, appalled to see that she had calmly

walked into the sacred precincts of the men's locker room. Bare tanned arms and shoulders were all around her, and a hideous sea of startled and amused faces.

"I didn't—I'm sorry—" she said, and fled.

She turned into the lounge again, and the wave of heat that had swept over her lifted to a still hotter embarrassment. Plenty of people had noticed her wrong choice of doors, it seemed. The entire roomful of people seemed to be watching her, laughing at her.

She hadn't done anything so dreadful, she told herself indignantly. Perfectly natural mistake. Two little brown doors. Probably people did this every other day. But still her feet refused to move, and her ears buzzed with heat.

And out of the confusion of faces, she saw Steve. Incredulously, she saw that he was laughing, too, with his bright head tilted back. He was laughing the way he always did at funny things — but now he was laughing at her.

She swallowed, and lifted her chin and took one step forward. And then Allan was beside her, his hand firmly on her arm.

"It's too stuffy in here," Allan was saying casually. "Come on out on the terrace."

She went with him gratefully, while he talked on about the weather in a clear, carrying tone. People began turning back to their own tables.

Everything was all right, Lynne knew abruptly—walking between the little tables with Allan. She and Allan had nothing to do with the rest of the room. And she discovered that it really didn't matter that she'd gone into the wrong room and interrupted a few men playing cards.

"It's much nicer here on the terrace, Lynne," Allan said, with forced casualness. Lynne looked at him slowly, carefully. He didn't look different from the way he had before; the same intent dark eyes, the straight mouth that gave nothing away. But everything about him was different to Lynne.

The vines on the terrace wall hung still, the leaves on the trees were motionless, but she felt caught in a high wind.

So this was what happened when you loved a man, turning away still deep in thought. No small easy excitement. No pondering and deciding. No drama, even. You just knew that when the bad things happened, and the little hateful things, too, you could hold out your hand and he'd be there. You knew that with him you walked apart from the rest of the world in a safe place.

"Come on, Allan," Lynne said quickly. "Let's get the car."

"Steve?" said Allan.

"I'll phone him," Lynne said.

"Take me home, Allan."

She didn't have to talk to Allan going home. She remembered now how she never had to talk to Allan. When they got to her apartment she went straight to the phone and called the club. She had a boy sent to page Steve, and then she settled back in her chair and looked at Allan. He was sitting in the chair he always chose, straight in front of her. He was lighting a cigarette. And his face was politely blank as she phoned.

Lynne grinned suddenly. This time, perhaps, he wouldn't hold that blank expression. Then she heard Steve's voice saying hello, and she sobered.

"Steve?" she said. "Lynne speaking."

Allan knocked the ash from his cigarette carefully on the floor.

"Steve," she said, "you always like it quick and straight."

"Yes?" said Steve's voice cautiously.

"Steve," she said, "I'm going to marry Allan."

Allan dropped the cigarette. His face did more than lose its blankness. For an instant the straight mouth held still, and then the glory came.

Lynne's hand shook and she steadied the receiver. Out of the silence Steve's voice came clearly.

"We had fun, Lynne," said Steve.

Allan took the receiver from her hand and laid it gently down in its cradle.

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The life story of Frank Sinatra may be filmed

Script already prepared by dancer Gene Kelly

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

GENE KELLY thinks that his friend Frank Sinatra will be remembered as a dramatic actor long after he is forgotten as a crooner. He's written a screen story based on many true incidents in the Sinatra career, and plans to direct it starring Frank for M.G.M.

VETERAN showman George Jessel will produce June Haver in Fox's "All American Girl," story of a singer whom one song makes an over-night hit. June makes such a sensation as former theatrical darling Marilyn Miller in "Look For the Silver Lining" that Warners want her for another picture.

It seems after all that young beauty Elizabeth Taylor might not be so romantic about football star Glenn Davis. She's been seen frequently of late with Tommy Breen, son of movie censor Joseph Breen.

ANOTHER romance that is being denied by the girl who should know is that of Betsy Drake and Cary Grant. Anyhow, in stepping into the part scheduled for June Haver in "Oh, You Beautiful Doll," Betsy can afford to forget romance for the moment. It is her first role since her debut in "Every Girl Married," with Cary Grant.

DOROTHY MCGUIRE bought-up her contract with David Selznick, signed a new long-term one with Fox. They will star her in a story about doctors' wives, written by Mary Bard, sister of Betty McDonald, who wrote "The Sign of the Cross" and "The Sign of the Cross."

VETERAN comedienne Charlotte Greenwood is being considered to star in the revivals of some old Marie Dressler pictures for M.G.M. Playwright Elmer Harris is here trying to arrange to have Charlotte appear in the stage version of his story, "The Merry Wives of Hollywood," which M.G.M. made early in the 1930's, titled "Stepping Out."

HUMPHREY BOGART is seeking Ronald Reagan for the lead in an original comedy, "You Made Me Love You." Bogart's next independent production for Santana Pictures. He also tried to get Evelyn Keyes, but she is going to Rome with her husband, John Huston, who will direct "Quo Vadis" there. Evelyn took suspension from Columbia, so reports go, because she refused the much-sought-after role of the dumb showgirl in "Born Yesterday."



CHATTING ON THE SET of "The History of Mr. Polly" are 76-year-old character actor Finlay Currie and Juliet Mills, daughter of star John Mills.

HOUSING shortage note. Franchot Tone and Jean Wallace are still living under the one roof, even though they're divorced. By permission of the Court they will have the one address, but live in separate wings of the house.

HER bosses think blond Marie Wilson looks so good in the daily rushes of "My Friend Irma" that producer Hal Wallis has four more movies lined up for her—one of them is an Irma sequel. Marie is also strongly in the running for the prize role in Columbia's "Born Yesterday."

BRITISH actress Anna Lee returns to Columbia studio's payroll as Warner Baxter's wife in "Beyond These Walls," a prison story. She is married to a Texas rancher.

BRENDA MARSHALL, who made her film comeback in "Whispering Smith," will now star with her husband, William Holden, in Paramount's "Beyond Sunset," their first picture together in their eight years of marriage.



MOST EAGER READER of the fan magazine started by admirers of British actor Richard Attenborough is Mrs. Richard Attenborough—actress Sheila Sim.



THE CANDID CAMERA goes to a J. Arthur Rank party and catches pretty Susan Shaw offering a cake to Albert Lieven. Susan's next film is a comedy.



OFF TO FRANCE for exterior work on "The Elusive Pimpernel," Margaret Leighton, who plays Lady Blakeney, waves good-bye.

Banish IRREGULARITY

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Nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural
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Kellogg's All-Bran is not a purgative, but a natural health food. That is good, because your health depends on what you eat . . . not on medicines.

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Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. It has a tasty, toasted, nutty flavour.



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Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood—rich in iron. Richer than spinach. It helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood" . . . cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN ★
★ Registered Trade Mark



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar was born. With them is **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who makes an enemy in **CROWN PRINCE ADEM:** Son of the kindly **SHEIKH OF SANDAN:** The ship moves up river to the village of the Riombi, which Lothar's

father once ruled. While the travellers are there, weird Singing Devils swoop down in a surprise raid. Lothar tries to fight them off, the Riombi flee, and a bullet drops gallant Lothar. Mandrake and Narda, who have been swimming, try to reach the Jason, but Mandrake is wounded and Narda is captured by the raiders. **NOW READ ON:**

ON THE JASON BLAINE AND THE SAILORS HEAR THE CRIES OF CONFUSION, SEE THE BURNING HUTS. "RIFLES, MEN!" CRIES BLAINE. "LET'S GET ASHORE FAST!"



BY THE TIME THEY'RE ASHORE, THE NATIVES ARE BACK, FIGHTING THE FIRES LEFT BY THE "SINGING DEVILS!"



THEY FIND MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR, BOTH WOUNDED. LOTHAR IS IN A RAGE. MANDRAKE, STILL UNCONSCIOUS FROM A BULLET THAT CLIPPED HIS SKULL, MISSED DEATH BY A FRACTION OF AN INCH.



"THEY'VE TAKEN NARDA!" CRIES MANDRAKE. "I'M GOING AFTER THEM!"--BLAINE AND THE SAILOR RESTRAIN HIM. "NOT UNTIL WE'RE DRESSED THAT WOUND. YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO FOLLOW THEM NOW."



THE "SINGING DEVILS" SWEEP THROUGH THE JUNGLE, PILLAGING AND RAMAGING AS THEY GO, IN VICIOUS DELIGHT--AND ALL THE PEOPLES AND ANIMALS OF THE JUNGLE GIVE THEM WIDE BERTH...



FINALLY, THEY REACH A NARROW MOUNTAIN PASS, AND SWEEP THROUGH THE HIGH BRONZE GATES THAT OPEN UPON THE DREADED VALLEY OF THE SINGING DEVILS!



TO BE CONTINUED

*As I Read
the
STARS*

by **WYNNE TURNER.**

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): This week finds you full of courage, enthusiasm, and enterprise, which could be used to good purpose on April 27, 28, and 29. May 2 is just an average sort of day for you, but May 3 is one of your best.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): The last days of April are rather good, so push ahead in both work and social activities on April 27, 28, and 29. Avoid correspondence or personal dealings on May 2, but use May 3 for business, travel, and Government or social affairs.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Friends and associates can be quite helpful on April 27 and April 29, but May 2 is rather adverse for health, dealings with relatives, or changes. May 3, however, can bring progress and good luck in these matters.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Good luck surrounds your business and social world this week, and some hope or wish could be realised. Watch April 27, 28, and 29 for advancement. Some delay could occur on May 2, but May 3 should prove helpful and enlightening.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Personal effort could achieve rapid progress in your career and finances this week. April 27 and April 29 are particularly good. May 2 is not so good, but May 3 is most helpful, especially for dealings with associates and partners.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Mental agility should help you to deal effectively with your affairs this week. April 27, 28, and 29 are good for finance. Contracts and agreements are satisfactory on May 3. The only adverse day is May 2, so delay activity on that day.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Gifts or benefits could come your way this week, for April 27 and April 29 find you in favor with others. Choose May 3 for luck in investments or speculations, but be careful with such matters on May 2.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Partners and loved ones offer their help and co-operation this week, and improved methods or greater enthusiasm in work can bring happy results. April 27 and April 29 are particularly productive. May 2 slows up activity somewhat, but May 3 is your lucky day.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Most of this week is good for trying out new fields of activity, and you should choose April 27 and April 29 for good results. Some new enterprise or romance could come your way on May 3, but avoid important matters on May 2.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A splendid week for all matters close to your heart, whether in love affairs or career projects. April 27, 28, and 29, and May 3 are really good days. May 2 is the only day on which you should be wary.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): A bright influence surrounds you this week, and you should meet good luck and happiness in your home sphere. Take advantage of all opportunities for happiness on April 27, 28, and 29, and May 3. Don't worry if May 2 appears to delay progress.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): April 27 and April 29 are your most progressive days, and bright ideas will put in motion activity for future gain. Delay or setbacks may mark May 2, but May 3 is helpful in many ways, especially for writings, journeys, or dealings with relatives.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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Halo glorifies it!**



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and soap shampoos hide the
natural lustre of your hair
with dulling soap film



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- Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film!
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HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!
Halo Quality guaranteed by Colgate

Stars meet at new social club

Members must
be in films

By cable from
BILL STRUTTON in London

If someone bumps your arm off Park Lane, it's ten to one you'll spill your lemonade down the neck of a matinee idol.

The Screenwriters Club has become the one place in London where, sooner or later, you will see everybody who is anybody in the British film world. And yet it celebrated its first birthday only recently.

THE Screenwriters is the one smart place in London which belongs exclusively to the people of filmdom.

It is the one place in their high-powered world—whose supreme ruler is the Appointment Book, and whose rarest luxury is not a Rolls or a mink, but Time—where friendships which blossom on the set can be kept up after casts have split up and departed for other films, and where romances, too, can be pursued beyond the studio lot.

Inside, at lunch or at dinner, it is crammed with celebrities, and is altogether like the dream of a super-film fan come true; you know—the dream where the super-film fan sends out invitations to all her favorite stars, and presto, here they are, they've all turned up.

They are all around you. Stewart Granger is leaning sideways on the bar and talking scripts to a dark, slight man with thinning hair—Frank Launder. Behind him, Valerie Hobson, elegant, cool, laughing with her tall, suave husband, producer Tony Havelock-Allen, over something said to them by... oh, wait till she turns round... oh, Ann Todd.

Just going out of the door, waving to a pal as he leaves, is Australia's lantern-jawed John McCullum, arm in arm with his wife, Google Withers. And warming his hands over the massive, carved oak fireplace is Trevor Howard, smiling his crinkly smile, charming to everybody.

Hardened as many are to the sight of fellow celebrities, few can resist turning their heads when the lovely Italian star, Valli, walks in and smiles shyly to those few she knows.

All Hollywood and Continental film visitors are guests at the Screenwriters while they are in London.

One of the men who founded the Screenwriters is Guy Morgan, once a Fleet Street scribbler, now turned screenwriter himself.



NEWEST FILM of Fox star Jeanne Crain is "The Fan," Hollywood's adaptation of the famous Oscar Wilde play, "Lady Windermere's Fan."



BAR OF THE SCREENWRITERS CLUB in Mayfair. Associated British star Derek Farr and his wife, Muriel Pavlow, smile at each other over drinks. The club, with its star-spangled membership, is one of British screen people's favorite places for meeting and talking shop. Fans will see Derek in "Bond Street," "Man On The Run," and "Noose."

He came out of a prison camp in Germany with his first film script, "The Captive Heart," and sold it to Ealing. Then he went on to write the screen treatment of Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina" for Sir Alexander Korda.

"Everybody talks shop furiously here," said Guy, lean, shy, with a faint hesitancy in his voice. "It must be the greatest clearing-house for film gossip and ideas that there is. Not only can you keep contact with those film friends you wouldn't otherwise see for years, but there is lots of solid business done over dinner. It's easier to tell a producer about your latest screen play idea here, instead of making formal appointments and going to see him 'cold'."

"There is a Film Reference Library and a Library of Scripts and Treatments of British, French, and American films. Now we are going to install a small talkie-projector for the use of members."

"Anybody who is creatively employed in the film industry is admitted to the Screenwriters membership. Only a quarter of us are actually screenwriters. The rest are stars, producers, directors, critics."

We don't accept anybody engaged on the selling side of the business, or non-creatively employed, and this has landed us into difficulties more than once.

"Only the other day we refused membership to a wealthy American banker, only to learn later that he had helped finance British film production to the tune of some seven million pounds."

"I believe Herbert Wilcox made good use of some of this finance, for instance, in his string of box-office hits starring Anna Neagle."

"I think our biggest boner was to say 'Sorry' to a big American manufacturer who, it turned out, supplies to the film industry something like three-quarters of its nitrocellulose, the stuff used in making film itself."

Ciro's, the famous London haunt of Mayfair socialites and world celebrities, was called in to operate the Screenwriters.

In this lovely Georgian house, the rich panelling, soft lights, tasselled wing-chairs and deep carpets absorb discreetly the noise and chatter and give the Screenwriters a sense of quiet and rest in a high-pressure world.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★★ Spring in Park Lane

ENGLISH producer-director Herbert Wilcox made a shrewd move when he decided to team Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding, and their third film together is easily their best.

"Spring in Park Lane" is a charming comedy which frolics along at a gay pace from start to finish.

It is a grand example of the sort of film which British studios can turn out when they forget family sagas and dreary dramas.

There is opportunity for honest laughter in almost every scene as the story describes the adventures of a financially embarrassed sprig of nobility who takes a job as footman in a Park Lane mansion.

His romance with his employer's secretary is inevitable, and in the hands of Michael Wilding and Anna Neagle the romance is delightful.

A neatly inserted dream sequence allows Anna Neagle to dance, and she is partnered efficiently by Wilding.

The wardrobe provided for Miss Neagle is not up to standard. The studio might well consider the necessity for giving the star frocks which are more suited to her type.

Top acting honors go to Wilding, but he is run a close second by Peter Graves, who plays a conceited film star.

The script was written by Nicholas Phipps, who turned out as sprightly a job as could be desired and, in addition, plays a good character role as the Marquis of Borechester.

Tom Walls has a fine time as the bald-headed, suave old millionaire uncle of Anna Neagle.

As usual, Walls makes the most of every line, and the famous twinkie is well in evidence.

The London Films production, which well deserves a long run, is at the Esquire.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average

★ Good Sam

IF director Leo McCarey had the idea of making "Good Sam" an example of heart-warming, gentle comedy, he fell down on the job.

All that results is a pretty dull affair, which suits neither of the stars, Gary Cooper and Ann Sheridan.

I felt that Cooper was most embarrassed over the whole thing, and the sophisticated Ann Sheridan must have good reason for her bursts of semi-hysterical laughter.

Sam is the kind of man who loves all humanity, but he is so impractical in his clumsy efforts to aid all and sundry who lean on him financially that he just about ruins his own home life.

Even his own two small children have scant respect for their father, and anger continually at his gaucheness.

The film drags along, and, as a Cooper fan of many years, I regret that I cannot record that lucky Gary helps it very much.

There is a dour taxi-driver (Clifton Sundberg), a worthless brother, a couple of garrulous neighbors, a flighty shopgirl (Joan Lorrain), and a few more who drift in and out before the finale, which is a very long time coming.

The R.K.O. film is at the Regent.

H.M.V.

proudly presents



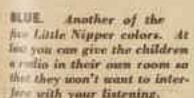
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We are so proud of the Little Nipper we've called it after the most famous fox terrier in the World—the listening terrier which inspired our trade mark 50 years ago. His name was Nipper.

Into the Little Nipper we've put the same fine quality of materials, the same fine workmanship, that we put into every higher priced H.M.V. radio receiver and radiogram.

In design the Little Nipper is far in advance of

every other set of this type. Its tone is clearer. Stronger. But that is something you must hear for yourself.

Even in this advertisement you can see for yourself how beautiful it

is. Simple—yes. But so beautifully simple and so reliable in operation.

So beautifully inexpensive, too. Only £17.17.0. And when you see it—and compare it—you'll know that Little Nipper really is value. *10/6 extra in F.A.



You can hear the Little Nipper in every shop where you see the H.M.V. trademark.



You can hold the Little Nipper on one hand. Width, 12". Height, 7½". Depth, 5½".



Four finger-grip holes at back make it safe and easy to carry the Little Nipper from room to room.

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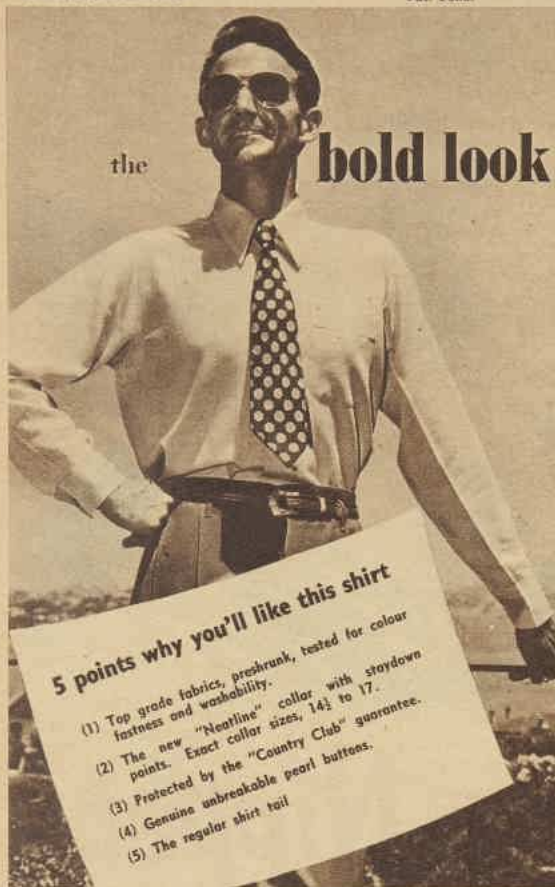
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The precise detail of the fashion shirt, the casual comfort of a sports shirt.



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THAT CUT NEEDS
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OINTMENT
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COVERING THE WOUND ISN'T ENOUGH! Infection starts right under that skin-break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

★ A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.

O.110.025

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

DIAPHANOUS materials are high fashion for debutantes. Nets, organzas, tulle, lace, and sheer printed cottons are the popular choice of the season.

This week I have had a silk net gown of Dior's illustrated for a reader making her debut.

French design

"WOULD you please give me some ideas for a debutante frock? I am very keen to have a French design and hoped you had one, not too difficult for a dressmaker to make up. And would you illustrate it for me, please?"

An attractive debutante's choice is French designer Dior's white silk net made over white taffeta. The dress is designed with an off-shoulder fichu and draped bodice. The skirt has an asymmetric band of white taffeta let in below the hipline. From under the band the skirt has plenty of fullness.

Between sizes

"I BUY all my clothes ready-made, as I can't sew. Lately I have increased my weight, and find now that size 14 is not quite big enough, yet 16 is too large. Do you think it would be best to wear size 14 and have it on the tight side, or to purchase a larger size?"

As you are now a touch over size 14 it would be best to buy size 16 and have it expertly fitted to your proportions by the fitter at the shop where you buy it.

Might I suggest that an even better solution to your problem would be to diet and get your weight down?

In the forties

"NEXT birthday I will be 41 years old, and my problem is, 'How should I dress?' I have a good figure, 5ft. 6in. in height, 24in. bust, 25in. waist, and 36in. hips. I have a son who is 17, and I am often troubled by the fact I am too youthful in my dressing. Believe me, this is a real problem. Every time I make a dress I worry in case it is not correct for my years. Do you think it is foolish for a woman of 41 years to be interested in her appearance?"

Forty-one is not the age to give



DIOR's silk net frock is attractive for a debutante.

in or give up, but it is the age to cultivate a sure taste in clothes (cosmetics are important, too). Numbers of current fashions are designed for women in your age group, so your best plan is to study the current fashions in periodicals and newspapers.

Take as much time in planning your clothes and over your appearance as you can possibly spare. Lastly, remember good fashion is a

● Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem, I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

matter of inches rather than years. By this I mean know the proportions of your figure (yours are good), and then have the design you choose made to flatter those proportions. The correct skirt length, the "just right" neckline, and a shoulder-line to flatter are the things that count for the woman in her forties.

Play up assets

"I AM very thin, and most clothes make me look flat-chested and uninteresting. If I wear frilly things I look over-dressed, and tailored designs make me look scrawny."

Cheer up! At least you never have to worry about bulges in the wrong places. The first thing

I advise is a "bra" that really does something for your bosom.

Next look for designs that give you a rounded look over the hips; a shaped hip

yoke is good, so is a peplum, or you might consider a little hip-padding. I'm afraid you will have to forego portrait necklines or any low-cut line, unless it is outlined with a ruffle or cuffed edge to build up your bust. Call attention to your small waist, and accent it like mad with important belts—important in color or texture or both. Choose really flattering shoes to show off your slim ankles—slim ankles are just as much an asset as a pretty face.

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"EVELYN." A smart suit styled with a nipped waistline in the jacket, and a skirt with the new modified fullness. The suit is obtainable in grey wool only.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 83/3. Postage, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 60/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 64/9. Postage, 2/- extra.

"JEANNE." An attractive suit blouse is obtainable in white sheer linen or crepe-de-chine in white, pastel-pink, and blue.

Sheer Linen Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 40/9. Postage, 10/- extra.

Sheer Linen Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 31/6. Postage, 10/- extra.

Crepe-de-Chine Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 32/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 34/11. Postage, 10/- extra.

Crepe-de-Chine Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/9. Postage, 10/- extra.

N.B.: Make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

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Box 2854, G.P.O., Adelaide.
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"PENELOPE." — Attractive one-piece made in marocain; the colors include claret, dusty coral, chestnut - brown, navy, and black.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 83/3. Postage, 2/- extra.

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woolens maintain a natural, even body temperature. They're warm, but light and soft, so your body can breathe, safe alike from cold and overheating.

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"VELNIT"

interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth against your skin. Its unusual elasticity ensures a snug fit—and it stands up to plenty of wear and washing.

N.Z. 777

You **KNOW** that Kiwi is good . . .

so **INSIST** on

KIWI BLACK



Years of continued use has made Kiwi a firm favourite with most people who are fastidious about their shoes. But many do not realise that Kiwi comes in a variety of colours. Choose the one to best suit your shoes, and clean them regularly. Cleaning with Kiwi makes *all* the difference: its protective waxes get right down into the pores of the leather, and help keep your shoes soft supple and brilliantly polished.

They're well worn — but they've worn well

— thanks to



KIWI BLACK

Black, Tan, Dark Tan, Mid-Tan, Brown, Mahogany, Ox Blood, Blue, Transparent Dressing.



HERE IS a sweater featuring the new batwing sleeve, and cleverly striped for extra chic. Directions for this smartly designed woolie, also the cosy gloves, will be found in *The Australian Women's Weekly* 68-page Knitting Book, now on sale at our offices and all newsagents and booksellers for 1/6.

★

DECORATED with ribbon bows to match, this pretty set for a baby may be worked in white or any of the pastel shades.



Tiny cape and shoes for baby

A KNITTED cape and shoes set makes a charming gift for a baby, and takes only two ounces of wool. Simple moss-stitch is used with stocking-stitch and a crocheted edging.

CAPE

Materials: 1 ball "Sun-glo" shrink-proof baby wool; 1 pr. of No. 10 knitting needles; a medium-size crochet hook; 1½ yds. of narrow ribbon; embroidery silks.

Measurements: Length from back shoulder. 5½ in.; to fit up to a 20 in. chest measurement.

Tension: 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; sts., stitches; st-st., stocking-stitch; m-st., moss-stitch; rep., repeat; tog., together; ch., chain; tr., treble; in., inches.

Cast on 60 sts. and work 5 rows in m-st.

Next Row: M-st. 4, work twice into next st., k to last-5 sts., work twice into next st., m-st. 4.

Next Row: M-st. 4, p to last 4 sts., m-st. 4. Rep. last 2 rows until there are 102 sts., ending with a p row.

NECK SHAPING

Next Row: M-st. 4, k 40, cast off 14 fairly loosely, k to last 4 sts., m-st. 4. Continue on last set of sts. as follows:—

Next Row: M-st. 4, p to last 4 sts., m-st. 4.

Next Row: M-st. 4, k 2 tog., k to last 4 sts., m-st. 4. Rep. last 2 rows until 8 sts. remain, then work 11 rows in m-st. on these sts. Cast off. Join wool to neck-edge of sts. for other side and work this to match first.

EDGING

With right side of work facing you join wool to one corner of the back and work 3 ch., then work 4 tr. into first knitted st., * 1 st-st. into next knitted st., 4 tr. into next st.; rep. from * all round outer and inner edge of garment.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly. Work 3 small flowers in lazy-daisy st. on one front. Cut ribbon into 4 equal lengths and sew one to each end of crossover and one to each side of back.

SHOES

Materials: 1 ball "Sun-glo" shrink-proof baby wool; 1 pr. of No. 12 knitting needles; 8 small buttons.

Measurements: Length of foot, 4½ in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations: M-st., moss-stitch; sts., stitches; rep., repeat; inc., increase; dec., decrease; in., inches.

Use the wool double throughout. Begin at one side edge of sole. Cast on 22 sts. and work in m-st., but inc. 1 st. at both ends of the 2nd row and every alternate row until there are 30 sts. Work 5 rows without shaping, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of next row and every alternate row until 22 sts. remain. Work 1 row after last dec. row.

Next Row: Cast on 8, m-st. to end.

Next Row: Work twice into 1st st., m-st. to end.

Next Row: M-st.

Next Row: Work twice into 1st st., m-st. to end. Rep. last 2 rows until there are 36 sts.

Next Row: Cast off 18, m-st. to end. Work 15 rows on these sts.

Next Row: Cast on 18, m-st. to end. Now dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row and at same edge on every alternate row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

STRAPS

Join back seam of upper section, then with right side of work facing you pick up and k 16 sts. along each side of centre back seam.

Next Row: Cast on 12, m-st. to end.

Next Row: Cast on 12, m-st. to end.

Next Row: M-st. 2, cast off 2, m-st. to end.

Next Row: M-st. to last 2 sts., cast on 2, m-st. 2. Work 1 more row in m-st., then cast off. Make the second shoe in the same way, but work the buttonhole at the opposite end.

TO MAKE UP

Join sole to upper section, easing in the toe to fit. Sew on a button to correspond with buttonhole. Then sew 3 buttons as trimming to top edge of instep section.



SOFT, and warm, and pretty, this angora sweater features the low, rounded neckline, finished with a collar, and sloping shoulders. Dress clips, or flowers pinned on to the collar, would give a more festive appearance for party wear.

Smartly styled for evening allure

● Make yourself this angora sweater for dining, dancing, and party-time wear.

It is effective in lemon, white, palest pink, or black for extra glamor . . .

Here are the directions for making:

Materials: 9 balls of Patons Fuzzy Worzy Angora (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 9 Beehive or Parfey knitting needles; length of elastic for lower edge and sleeves.

Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back loop.

Measurements (to fit 33-34in. bust): Length from top of shoulder, 17in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 4in.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 stitches to the inch in width, measured over plain, smooth fabric.

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 106 stitches loosely.

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. With right side of work facing, and using a fine spare needle, pick up 106 sts. along the cast-on edge, place at back of needle in use.

7th Row: Knit plain, knitting tog. 1 st. from each needle to form a hem.

8th Row: P 10, * inc. once in next st. purways, p 16, rep. from * to last 11 sts. inc. once in next st. purways, p 10 (112 sts.).

9th Row: K 1, k 2 t.b.l., * p 2 t.b.l., k 2 t.b.l., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

10th Row: P 1, * p 2 t.b.l., k 2 t.b.l., rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 2 t.b.l., p 1.

Continue in rib, inc. once at each end of needle in 13th (15th row of ribbing) and every following 8th row until there are 122 sts. on needle. Work 1 row without shaping. Using No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows nineteen times.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in every row until 100 sts. rem. **

In next row P 40, cast off 20 sts.

p 40. Cont. in plain, smooth fabric on last 40 sts., dec. once at armhole edge in next and every alt. row seven times, while at same time dec. once at neck edge in every row seven times (25 sts.). Cont. in plain, smooth fabric, inc. once at neck edge in 6th and every following 12th row twice (28 sts.).

Work 6 rows without shaping. Shape for shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row.

3rd Row: Work to last 19 sts., turn.

4th Row: Like 2nd row. Cast off. Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work exactly as given for front to ** (100 sts.). Cont. dec. once at each end of needle in every alt. row until 84 sts. rem. Work 35 rows without shaping. Shape for shoulders as follows:—

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 19 sts., turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to last 28 sts., turn.

7th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 80 stitches.

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. With right side of work facing, and using a fine spare needle, pick up 60 sts. along cast-on edge, place at back of needle in use.

7th Row: Knit plain, knitting tog. one st. from each needle to form a hem.

8th Row: K 1, * purl into front and back of next st., rep. from * to last st., k 1 (118 sts.).

Using No. 9 needles, rep. 1st and 2nd rows six times.

13th Row: K 6, (k 2 tog., k 1) eight times, k 2 tog., k 6. Work 11 rows without shaping.

25th Row: K 5, (k 2 tog., k 10) eight times, k 2 tog., k 6. Work 5 rows without shaping.

31st Row: K 2 tog., knit plain to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

32nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 31st and 32nd rows three times.

39th Row: K 2 tog., k 10 (k 2 tog., k 9) seven times, k 1, k 2 tog. Rep. 32nd row once, 31st and 32nd rows six times.

53rd Row: K 2 tog., k 7, (k 2 tog., k 8) six times, k 2 tog. Rep. 32nd row once, 31st and 32nd rows six times.

67th Row: (K 2 tog., k 10) four times, k 1, k 2 tog.

Cont. in plain, smooth fabric, dec. once at each end of needle in every alt. row until 26 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve in same manner.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 12 stitches.

1st Row: Knit plain to end of row, cast on 2 sts.

2nd Row: Purl to end of row, cast on 2 sts. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until there are 32 sts. on needle, then cast on 1 st. at end of needle in every row until there are 40 sts. on needle.

Work 1 row without shaping. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next row, then dec. once at neck-edge in every row nine times. Work 39 rows without shaping. Inc. once at beg. of needle in next and every following 8th row twice (24 sts.).

Work 17 rows without shaping.

Dec. once at beg. of needle in next and every following 8th row twice (21 sts.). Work 39 rows without shaping.

Inc. once at neck-edge in every row nine times.

In next row cast on 10 sts., work to end of row.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 32 sts. rem., then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a dry cloth and warm iron press lightly. Using a 4in. seam throughout, sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam.

Turn under a narrow hem round outer edge of collar and sew in position. Sew collar in position.

Thread elastic through hem at waist and sleeves.

Catch collar to blouse on curved edge of fronts.

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BEAUTIFUL EARS are rare and are a great asset revealed by a pretty
hair style, but if the ears are not attractive a protective screen of hair
will enhance the general appearance.

EARS... assets or liabilities

● Beautiful ears are an attractive asset
to which attention may be drawn by the
hair style or by carefully chosen earrings.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

BUT sometimes nature
plays tricks and the
ears don't match in
size or form. Some
have extended lobes, some
have very little lobe.

Some are pointed and impish,
some foreshortened and thick.

The too hearty eater often has
florid ears to match her cheeks.

Pale ears often denote a girl who
thinks it smart to live on a lettuce
leaf, and her wax-like ears point
to under-nourishment.

Toward ears which are not beauti-
ful, fashion is now in a kindly mood.
The revival of the down-line
arrangement of the hair, with ear-
sheltering waves, is a protective
screen from over-critical eyes.

One of the many excellent camou-
flage styles, youthful in effect, is a
four-inch trim, permanently waved,
parted on the left side, and per-
mitting two wide undulations to fall
from the parting; they are then
curled under.

The soft tissues in front of the
ears frequently produce the first
wrinkles.

That is a warning that facial
tissues are losing tone, and a signal
to get busy with the massage cream,
applying it faithfully every night
with rotary motions of the finger-
tips.

When you powder your complexion
do not forget to put the dull finish
on your ears, and when you put the
roses on your cheeks, put a little on

each lobe at the same time. That
is following nature's pattern. When
the cheeks flush, the ear-lobes
redden.

The kind of earrings a woman
wears should depend upon the ears
that carry them and the face that
goes with them.

Remember that earrings attract
attention. A long, thin face is
lengthened further by long, danc-
ling pendant earrings.

Little stud effects or round designs
are best for her.

A delicately boned face with a
small nose is overwhelmed by those
chunky numbers, but lighter
designs are very becoming.

On the other hand, if features
are large, earrings should be size-
able in order to hold their own. A
too-fragile pair could look trifling,
and make the features even larger
by contrast.

When you try on earrings, notice
particularly how they fit the ear-
lobe.

The designs shaped to follow the
contour of the ear should be care-
fully adjusted, not allowed to pro-
ject awkwardly.

There is no need to always wear
these adornments on the ear lobe.
They can look very pretty clipped
on the middle or top of the ear for a
change.

One way to ensure well-shaped
ears is to see that children's ears
are tucked comfortably into place
beneath whatever headgear they are
wearing.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

IF sugar is sprinkled in a saucepan
in which milk is to be boiled,
the milk will not stick to the pan.

SHOE-POLISH stains may be
removed from cotton goods by
placing the stained material in fresh
milk immediately, and allowing it to
remain there for one to three hours.

WHEN bringing laundry in out
of the rain, a quick method to
follow is to run along the line taking
out every other peg, and then come
back, removing the remainder, and
catching the clothes as they fall.
A long line may be stripped in a
minute this way.

IF the brush of the carpet-sweeper
is sprinkled lightly with
ammonia once a week, immediately
before use, the damp brush will pick
up threads and bits of fluff more
readily and brighten up carpet
colors. The ammonia will also help
to freshen the room if it's stuffy.

BOILING water poured over
oranges before peeling causes
the pith to come away with the skin,
leaving clean sections of orange.

DIP nails into grease before ham-
mering them into hard wood.
They are more easily driven, and
not so liable to bend.



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hand
reveals you...



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Informal

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Appetising hot savory dishes or hearty salads are ideal fare for luncheon guests.

RAMEKIN dishes or cocottes of ovenproof china, pottery, or glass make it possible to serve individual portions in an attractive fashion.

If they are not available, one large dish may be prepared.

Keep the party informal by allowing guests to serve themselves, buffet style.

Any one of the savory dishes suggested here will pair well with a fruit-flavored chiffon tart, baked or stewed fruit with ice-cream or custard, or you may prefer to omit sweets altogether and serve biscuits and cheese, followed by fresh fruit.

Have a plentiful supply of freshly made black coffee, and serve it steaming hot to round off the meal.

FISH A LA KING

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2½ cups flaked cooked fish (fresh or tinned), 1 cup diced cooked celery, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 5 or 6 chopped, stuffed olives (may be omitted).

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, salt, and cayenne pepper. Continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens. Fold in fish and all other ingredients. Turn into greased ovenware dish,

reheat in moderate oven, but do not allow to boil. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot with Melba toast or rolled brown bread and butter. Serves 5 or 6. If liked, 2 or 3 chopped hard-boiled eggs may be used in place of olives.

SCRAMBLED CORN AND BACON

One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 small tin sweet corn, 1 teaspoon very finely minced onion or shallot, 2 tablespoons diced bacon, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, tomato slices, bacon rolls, and parsley to garnish.

Melt margarine or butter, add beaten eggs and milk, corn, onion, bacon, salt and pepper. Stir with wooden spoon over low heat until thickened. Fold in crumbs. Turn into greased ramekin dishes, top with grated cheese, tomato slices, and bacon rolls. Place in hot oven until bacon and tomato are cooked. Garnish with parsley, serve hot. Three or 4 servings.

APPLE AND ONION SAVORY

Two medium onions, 2 medium green apples, 1 cup diced fat bacon, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 4 tablespoons vegetable stock or water, 1 cup mashed potato, 1 teaspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon milk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, parsley.

Peel and slice onions thinly; peel, core, and slice apples. Arrange alternate layers of onion and apple in 4 or 5 greased ramekin dishes;

sprinkle each layer with crumbs, diced bacon, salt and pepper. Add 1 tablespoon vegetable stock or water to each dish. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Beat butter or margarine, milk and cheese into hot mashed potato. Spoon or pipe over top of each dish. Return to oven for further 20 to 25 minutes or until potato topping is browned. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

CREAMED CORNED BEEF AND CARROTS

One and a half cups white sauce, 1½ cups diced cold corned beef, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 cup diced cooked carrot, few slices of cooked carrot to garnish, 1 cup cooked peas, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, small quantity bacon fat, parsley, toast fingers.

Fold meat, onion, diced carrot, peas, salt and cayenne into white sauce. Fill into greased ramekin dishes, top with carrot slices brushed with melted bacon fat. Reheat in moderate oven. Garnish with parsley. Serve at once with toast fingers. Serves 5 or 6.

SAVORY CHEESE CREAM

One and a half cups milk, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, 2 eggs, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, parsley sprigs.

Heat milk with margarine or butter, add crumbs, cheese, beaten egg-yolks, salt, and cayenne. Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ramekin dishes, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot. Sufficient for 4 or 5 servings.

SHERRED KIDNEYS

Six lambs' kidneys, 1 tablespoon bacon fat or margarine, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 3 tablespoons stock or water, 1 medium tomato (skinned and chopped), 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, salt and cayenne

pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons sherry.

Soak kidneys 1-hour in salted water. Remove skin and core, cut into dice. Melt bacon fat or margarine, add kidneys and onion, brown lightly. Add all other ingredients except sherry. Cover closely. Simmer very gently 15 to 20 minutes until kidneys are tender. Add sherry, simmer 2 or 3 minutes longer. Fill into ramekin dishes, serve piping hot. For 3.

SCALLOPED SPAGHETTI WITH CHEESE

Eight ounces spaghetti, 1 tablespoon diced onion, 1lb. tomatoes, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 cup grated cheese, parsley.

Drop spaghetti into boiling salted water, cook quickly 20 minutes, drain, skin and chop tomatoes, place in saucepan with onion, margarine or butter, salt, and cayenne pepper. Simmer very gently until soft, rub through coarse strainer. Fold into spaghetti, add cheese. Fill into ramekin dishes, reheat in moderate oven. Garnish with parsley, serve hot. For special occasions, top with sauteed mushrooms. Approximately 4 servings.

LUNCHEON SALAD

Thin slices luncheon sausage, 1 green apple, 1 cup diced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 2 gherkins, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons mayonnaise, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, lettuce, curled celery, sliced tomato, potato salad, shredded carrot and parsnip, diced parboiled red pepper.

Peel and core apple, cut into dice. Mix with celery, onion, chopped gherkins, breadcrumbs. Moisten with mayonnaise, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Place a small portion on each meat slice, fold over, secure with cocktail stick. Arrange

on salad platter with lettuce, tomato, potato salad mixed with red pepper, shredded carrot and parsnip. Garnish with celery curls.

ORANGE OR GRAPEFRUIT CASSOLETTES

Cut large oranges or grapefruit in halves. Using a small sharp knife or grapefruit knife, cut flesh out neatly (reserve for use in fruit salad or for juice).

Remove as much white pith as possible, but avoid breaking the rind. Trim edge of case into peaks, using kitchen scissors. Fill with savory filling, stand in ovenware dish with sufficient water to barely cover bottom of dish. Bake until filling is thoroughly re-heated; the delicate citrus flavor of the fruit rind case permeates the food.

Savory Fillings: Creamed or curried fish or vegetables; minced cooked veal and ham in white sauce; cheesy spaghetti or macaroni; creamed or curried chicken. Allow ½ to ¾ cup prepared savory filling for each case.

SCALLOPED TONGUES WITH GREEN PEAS

Four sheep's tongues, 1 slice of onion, thin piece lemon rind, 2 cloves, 2 peppercorns, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 dessertspoon diced parboiled red pepper, parsley, toast fingers or rolled brown bread and butter or Melba toast.

Wash tongues, trim roots. Place in warm water, add onion, lemon rind, cloves, and peppercorns. Simmer until tongues are tender, 2 to 2½ hours. Drain, skin, cut into cubes or slice thinly. Fold into white sauce (seasoned with salt and cayenne pepper). Add peas and diced red pepper. Fill into greased ramekin dishes, re-heat in moderate oven. Garnish with parsley, serve hot with toast fingers, rolled bread and butter, or Melba toast. For 4 or 5.



Acme's latest feature—the 'pressure indicator'—is something to sing about! Something that gives you better results for less effort. Something which means that everything you wring—delicate silks, gay cottons, sturdy linens, fluffy woollens, now receive exactly the right pressure needed to extract water, expel embedded dirt and preserve the life and freshness of each fabric. Acme's 'pressure indicator' simply 'takes the guesswork out of wringing!'

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HEARTY LUNCHEON DISH for a cool day is easily made by combining diced cold meat—lamb, veal, or beef—with white sauce flavored with curry powder. Add grated onion, lemon juice, pinch of nutmeg, and diced celery. Fill into pastry-case, garnish with cooked green peas and lemon wedges; serve piping hot.

ALMOND MERINGUE PEARS—one of this week's prize-winning recipes—are quickly prepared and make an attractive sweet to serve hot or cold, with custard or ice-cream.



Pineapple flavoring gives fillip to roast leg of lamb

LAMB is given a delicious flavor when boned and stuffed with pineapple seasoning, as suggested in this week's prize-winning recipe.

Almond meringue pears are a luscious and unusual sweet for special occasions—a good way of using stale cake crumbs, too.

Included in the list of prizewinners is an eggless fruit pudding—useful when eggs are scarce or expensive.

LAMB WITH PINEAPPLE SEASONING

One leg of lamb, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup shredded, drained pineapple, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon margarine or good clean fat, 1 cup pineapple juice (drained from shredded pineapple), 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Have butcher remove bone from leg of lamb, wipe over with damp cloth. Prepare stuffing. Place margarine or butter in pan, add onions, sauté until tender. Add breadcrumbs, cook until lightly browned. Remove from heat, add salt, pepper, parsley, and pineapple, mix well. Pack firmly into cavity in leg of lamb, sew or skewer edges together. Rub outside of meat with salt, ginger, and margarine or fat mixed together. Place in baking dish in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 15 to 20 minutes. Pour over pineapple and lemon juices mixed together. Reduce heat to 350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric, bake further 25 minutes to each pound of meat or until tender. Remove meat, add extra tablespoon of flour to pan, stir, and cook 1 or 2 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, add 1 cup stock or water, and stir until gravy boils and thickens. Serve lamb in slices with pineapple gravy and vegetables.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. B. Humphris, 58 Dinwoodie Avenue, Clarence Gardens, S.A.

ALMOND MERINGUE PEARS

Four pears, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 cloves, thin piece lemon rind.

Filling: Six tablespoons cake crumbs, 1 dessertspoon melted margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon chopped almonds, pinch grated lemon rind, almond essence.

Meringue Topping: One egg-white, 3 tablespoons sugar, almond essence, coloring if desired, cherries to decorate.

Peel, halve, and core pears. Place sugar, water, cloves, and lemon rind in saucepan and heat slowly until sugar is dissolved. Add pears, place lid on, cook gently until pears are barely tender. Remove from syrup, place in flat baking dish. Prepare filling by combining all ingredients and flavoring to taste with almond essence. Pile on to pears, filling core cavities. Prepare topping by beating egg-white until stiff, then adding sugar very gradually. Flavor with almond essence and color as desired. Outline shape of pear with meringue, using rose pipe and bag or teaspoon. Place in slow oven (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric) until meringue is set and lightly browned. Top each pear half with cherry, serve with custard or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Gapps, 25 Irvine St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

EGGLESS FRUIT PUDDING

Half cup finely chopped suet, 1 cup chopped, seeded raisins, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sultanas, 2 tablespoons chopped, mixed peel, 1 cup brown sugar, 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 pint milk. Combine all dry ingredients, mixing well together. Add milk, stir until completely absorbed. Fill into large well-greased basin. Cover with paper greased on both sides. Stand in large boiler or saucepan with boiling water coming half-way up side of basin. Place lid on and cook 2 to 2½ hours. Replace water with more boiling water as it evaporates. Serve with custard or sweet white sauce flavored with brandy or sherry.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. J. Williams, 4 Wyvern St., Mayfield, N.S.W.



- 1 Double stitched yokes for serviceability and smart appearance.
- 2 Body panels shaped after pleating to give perfect fit.
- 3 Matching self-material buckle for a neat quality finish.
- 4 3" full box pleats back and front provide liberal skirt width.
- 5 Generous 4" hem allows for months of additional wear.

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...Black or with Milk



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"My husband's a different man!"

Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes:
 "My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after the Menthoids treatment, he is a different man.
 I thank you sincerely."

This human document shows the good that Menthoids can do—and that you can recommend this famous treatment to those of your friends who suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, etc.

Menthoids will help you, too!

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

Here are several more reports on the Menthoid treatment:



A country woman writes:

"... I feel I owe Menthoids a debt of gratitude for the relief I have obtained, and will surely advise others to try them. The price is within the reach of all... My neuritis is also much improved and I have so far lost the very bad backaches I used to get."



This overseas visitor writes:

"I have just returned home after a holiday in Australia. I have been suffering from rheumatism for several years. Your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids were recommended to me by a friend in Sydney. I have taken them for two months. I have found them so beneficial I should be glad if you will forward to me sufficient for two more months' treatment."



From the Blue Mountains this lady writes:

"Last year I had kidney trouble and cystitis very badly... I couldn't go anywhere, as I couldn't sit in a car or walk about; it was just misery. One of his friends told my husband about Menthoids, and he bought some Menthoids coming home from work. I took them for two months and gradually they cleared the trouble away, till now I am quite free of it... I am one person who is very grateful for Menthoids. I still take Menthoids, because they keep me free from acidity and constipation."

If you or your friends suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, the Menthoid Treatment will help you, too.

How the Menthoid Treatment acts



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

This simple home treatment contains no dangerous drugs and may be taken by the most delicate patients.

In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and blood stream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Menthoids act quickly and progressively, reducing the level of poisonous toxins in your body, relieving your aches and pains and making you feel happy and well again.



Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a

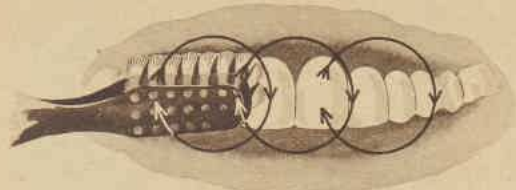
postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES,
 BOX 4155, G.P.O., SYDNEY

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

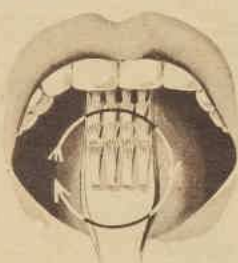
How to Clean Your Teeth

Using half an inch of Ipana on a dry brush, thoroughly brush the biting surfaces of all teeth. Then clean between the teeth as follows:



1. Place the bristles at right angles to the teeth and gums, covering about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of the gums.
2. Force some of the bristles between the teeth and exert a firm pressure against the gums.
3. Rotate the brush vigorously through a small circle, using the bristles as a pivot (see diagram above).

Always complete the brushing of one group of teeth before passing on to the next.



NEVER NEGLECT THE INNER TEETH SURFACES

The brush handle is held horizontally for all parts of the mouth except the inner surfaces of the six upper and lower front teeth, for which it is held vertically (see diagram above).

When next you see your dentist, ask him about Ipana for the hygienic care of your teeth and gums.

sold only by chemists



Inserted in the interests of Oral Hygiene by
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British Chief



THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS



CRETONE drapes french windows in lounge. Certae satin, gold-fringed, and aqua-and-gold brocade cover lounges and armchairs, which are scattered with champagne satin "baby" cushions.

Charming old home redecorated

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minell bought their 60-year-old home in Wellington Avenue, Woollahra, N.S.W., the rooms were cluttered with dark furniture, walls, and woodwork, heavy mouldings, and fancy plasterwork, gas brackets, and dozens of small stained-glass windows.

Mrs. Minell has spent months on the rejuvenation scheme; all clutter has been banished, and many fittings converted into charming accessories. By painting walls and ceilings to match, and having the light pine floors sanded, polished, and strewn with rugs, she has given the old house spaciousness and light, as pictures on these pages indicate.



FIREPLACE in lounge was stripped of surplus woodwork and the tiles and remaining woodwork painted off-white. Mirror above fireplace broadens the room.



ANOTHER CORNER of the lounge, walls and ceiling of which are painted palest lavender. An antique vase has been made into a lamp and stands on a French veneered walnut round table, gilt trimmed.

ABOVE: Cushioned window-seat in upstairs hall matches pretty chintz curtains. (Right): Uneven end of dining-room, under staircase, has built-in cupboard for storing blue Venetian cut-glass. Ceiling and panelled walls are painted pale duck-egg green; floor rug is forest-green. Floral silk curtains are in cerise, lemon, and cobalt. The long cedar table is set with silver and crystal. White candles in twin brackets match the frilled white organdie place-mats. Under the glass dome are three full-blown roses.

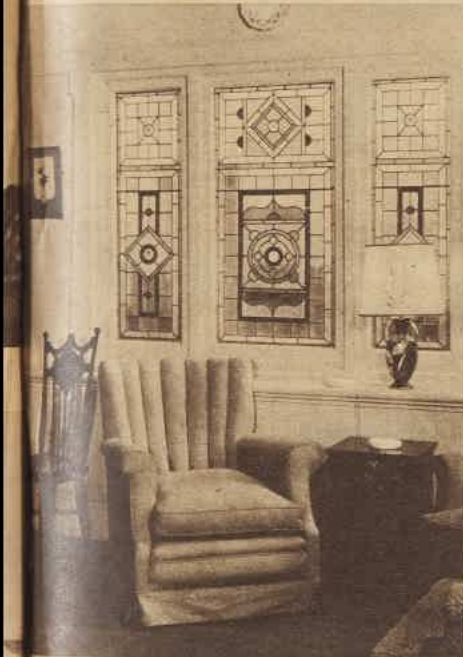




FIREPLACE in big entrance-hall. Walls of this room, adjacent staircase, and the hallway leading off to other rooms are apple-green; carpet is cherry.



WALLS, ceilings, and woodwork in dressing-room and bedroom are powder-blue. Note pelmet swagging and heart-shaped cushions in dressing-room above.



STAINED GLASS WINDOWS in entrance-hall and one of the three pale green upholstered chairs. Cotton curtains at the front windows are patterned in blue, yellow, apricot, cerise, repeating colors of glass. Paintings by Mrs. Minell decorate walls.

GOOD HEALTH IN THE PRE-NATAL PERIOD

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

GOOD health should prevail throughout the pre-natal period in normal pregnancies, but neglect of health rules—taking insufficient rest or not attending to diet—may cause discomforts and complications.

Some of these can be treated easily enough, but there are danger signals which should be reported to a doctor immediately.

Complete co-operation with the doctor and a pre-natal clinic are essential.

Chapters describing the ordinary type of discomfort suffered by expectant mothers, and danger signs which may occur in the pre-natal period, are included in our recently published book on parentcraft, "You and Your Baby."

Copies can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price 7/6, plus 4d. postage (registration 3d. extra).

Names and addresses must be written clearly in block letters.

Make preparations now for winter

IN many parts of Australia cold weather sets in during May, and, that month not being far off, it is advisable to hurry along all preparations for winter in the garden.

Lawn growth is already slowing up and in early May will practically cease for the next five months. Cut the grass short, trim the edges, cut out weeds with a sharp knife, and make the whole area shipshape.

Most of the eastern part of Australia has been drenched during past months, putting the soil into excellent condition for winter digging. Get this necessary job done before the ground cakes and dries out. Break up the clods and rake fine, and moisture loss will be low.

Annual and biennial weeds that have not gone to seed should be dug in. They will soon rot and add nitrogen and other food to the soil. Weeds that have seeded should be pulled out, allowed to dry, and then be burned.

Rake up all fallen leaves and either stack in a heap to rot, or bury them in the garden as you dig over. They produce leafmould, a most valuable form of plant food. Cut down to ground level all perennial plants that have finished flowering. These include phlox, shasta daisies, and all others of herbaceous nature. Dahlias, however, should be allowed to brown-off before being cut to within 12 inches of the ground. While the wood is green, the tubers below are developing starch and still growing bigger. Cutting them back while the stems and leaves are green robs tubers of much-wanted food and avoirdupois, and they will not keep well when stored.

Plant these vegetables

SOW seed of onions this month, also kohlrabi, winter lettuces, beetroots, peas, broad beans, carrots, parsnips, and turnips. Plant out roots of rhubarb in good soil, also rooted pieces of thyme, sage, marjoram, mint, coriander, and other herbs of perennial habit.

Shallot cloves are usually obtainable at this time of the year. They should be set out in short rows any time between now and August. Roots of chives, chokoes (sprouted fruits), garlic cloves, and sets of potato onions can also be set out now.

Seedlings of cauliflowers, broccoli, cabbage, and silver beet, and seed of winter spinach can also be put out now. They all require good soil, and an open sunny position.

Remove stakes from the garden if finished with and sharpen them with a knife. The underground portion usually rots each season, and if they are used again without a cleaning up, often snap off under heavy winds. Dip the points in wood-preserving oil and paint the rest with a good mid-green paint, and they will last for years and be much more ornamental than if left plain. Stakes cost money to-day, and this little attention will reduce the cost of gardening.

Store your stakes in a shed for the winter until wanted next season.

Give the handles of all rakes, hoes, spades, forks, trowels, and other implements a sandpapering, and then rub in some linseed oil. This removes the danger of splinters, and makes the handles last longer and slip through the hands easier when in use. Clean and oil all metal parts, too. Clean and oil the lawnmower, the working parts of the roller and wheelbarrow, and lastly paint the barrow, using good green paint that will considerably lengthen its life and resist rust.—Our Home Gardener.



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If you have ever wanted to be able to play the piano, then here is your opportunity to learn quickly by means of a remarkable English system.

You may never have touched a piano before. It makes no difference. No matter how little you may know about music — no matter if you do not know one note from another, you can quickly learn to play by the new, rapid Graphophone System.

You need no knowledge whatever of music or notes in order to be able to read music by the Graphophone System and to play it.

If you have already tried to learn the piano in the ordinary way with wearisome scales, exercises and tedious practice the new Graphophone System will come as a positive revelation to you.

In England where the Graphophone System originated, over ten thousand people — most of whom had no previous knowledge of music — have learned to play by means of this revolutionary system.

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The Graphophone System is indeed revolutionary. In the past it took years of practice to store the player's mind with "mental pictures" of the notes so that they could be easily found on the keyboard. With the Graphophone System the "mental pictures" of the notes are already provided. They are clearly before your eyes. Years of drudgery are thus at one stroke eliminated.

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By the Graphophone System, which consists of a course of carefully graded postal lessons, you learn privately in your own home. It does not matter where you live, you can learn anywhere. You learn in your own time at your own convenience, without anyone present to embarrass you. If you make a slip "Graphophone" shows you at once where you are wrong.

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Front view with collar buttoned and down, being worn without the hood.



Front view with collar open and up and being worn without the hood.



Back view showing the glorious lines of the coat with the hood up.



This Shield is your protection



The Australian Women's Weekly — April 30, 1945

Needlework Notions

1230

No. 1230—PETTICOAT AND SCANTIES
Cut out ready to sew, this pretty set is traced for embroidering. The material is satin in pastel shades of turquoise, peach, blue, and white.
Sizes: Petticoat, 32in.-34in. bust, 19/3; 36-38in. bust, 19/11. Postage, 81d. extra. Scanties, 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist, 12/11. Postage, 51d. extra.

No. 1231—LUCKY DOG CUSHION-COVER
Traced on good quality rep, burgundy or green, the cover is available in size 18in. x 22in. Traced on British headcloth in apple-green or blue, the size obtainable is 18in. x 18in.
Prices: Rep, 18in. x 22in., 9/11. British headcloth, 18in. x 18in., 4/11. Postage, 61d. extra.

No. 1232—HEART-SHAPED APRON
This attractive apron is cut out ready to machine. It is in spotted organdie in white, pink, green, or palest blue.
Price 9/6. Postage, 51d. extra.

No. 1233—THROWOVER
This fine organdie throwover has a basket design traced for embroidery. The colors are palest pink, blue, and nil, measuring 36in. x 36in. Lace for edging is not supplied.
Price 6/11. Postage, 51d. extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, please state a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.



1231

1232

1233



F5490

F5491



F5493

F5492

Fashion PATTERNS

F5490.—Pretty one-piece designed with color interest. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 21yds. 54in. material, and 1yd. 54in. contrast. Price 1/11.

F5491.—A winter dress features important cuffs, and a gracefully full skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 41yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5492.—Men's tailored sleeping pyjamas have color contrast for collar, cuffs, and pocket. Sizes, S.M., M., O.S. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/4.

F5493.—An attractive nightgown has a matching bed-jacket. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Nightgown requires 31yds. 36in. material, bed-jacket 11yds. 36in. material, and 2yds. 36in. lace. Price, 3/6. Transfer supplied for 2/6.

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• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 42.



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F5480

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CAST

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The Foreman : Workmen

SCENE

Lot 8, Block 9, Suburb of
Pleasantville

TIME

The Present

MRS. H.: Hello there, Mr. Foreman! They say building is slow nowadays—but the house seems to be going ahead like wildfire!

FOREMAN: That's why we like working with Masonite. Handling these large 12 ft. x 4 ft. sheets means we get the best work done in the shortest time.

MR. H.: Suits my pocketbook, too. Using Masonite certainly slices down the costs.

FOREMAN: Yes. Less material outlay . . . less working time on the job.

MRS. H.: That doesn't concern me so much . . . I'm more interested in appearance and convenience . . .

MR. H.: I seem to have heard you say that before!

MRS. H.: I like Masonite because you can do just about everything with it . . . built-in furniture, as well as floors and walls, and . . .

MR. H.: (Laughing) Well, my dear, you've been talking "Masonite" for ages . . . you'll soon have the pleasure of living with it.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: When Mr. Homemaker says he's slicing his costs by using Masonite, it's no exaggeration. Although building costs have steadily increased during the last ten years, Masonite has been steadily reduced in price. Masonite Presdwood, for instance, now costs 30% less than in 1939! Production of Masonite was doubled last year, and will be tripled this year . . . but because there's such an urgent demand for "The Wonder Board of 1000 Uses," you may still find it difficult to obtain all you require. But Masonite is well worth waiting for . . . so keep in touch with your nearest distributor.

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